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Henri Arnaud,
A Poem.





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HENRI ARNAUD;
OR THE
GLORIOUS RETURN
OF THE
WALDENSES OF PIEDMONT

TO THEIR NATIVE VALLEYS IN THE YEARS 1689-90.

A Poem.

BY THE
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LONDON:
WERTHEIM, MACINTOSH, AND HUNT,
24, PATERNOSTER ROW,
AND 23, HOLLES STREET, CAVENDISH SQUARE.

1862.

280. b. 34.

Avenge, O Lord, thy slaughtered saints whose bones
Lie scattered on the Alpine mountains cold ;
Ev'n them who kept thy truth so pure of old,
When all our fathers worshipt stocks and stones,
Forget not ; in thy books record their groans
Who were thy sheep, and in their ancient fold
Slain by the bloody Piedmontese that rolled
Mother with infant down the rocks. Their moans
The vales redoubled to the hills, and they
To heaven. Their martyr'd blood and ashes sow
O'er all th' Italian fields, where still doth sway
The triple tyrant ; that from thence may grow
An hundredfold, who having learned thy way,
Early may fly the Babylonian woe.

(Milton.)



P R E F A C E .

A DISTINGUISHED writer of the last century observes,*
“To abstract the mind from all local emotion would be impossible, if it were endeavoured, and would be foolish, if it were possible. Whatever withdraws us from the power of our senses; whatever makes the past, the distant, or the future predominate over the present, advances us in the dignity of thinking beings. Far from me and from my friends be such frigid philosophy as may conduct us indifferent and unmoved over any ground which has been dignified by wisdom, bravery, or virtue. That man is little to be envied whose patriotism would not gain force on the plain of Marathon, or whose piety would not grow warmer among the ruins of Iona.”


This eloquent description of the feelings excited by a visit to places consecrated by deeds of piety and heroism, admits of application, to the fullest extent, to the remarkable people who are brought before the reader in the following poem. And yet, while pilgrims from many lands have visited Italy for the purpose of indulging in the reveries of classical enthu-

* Dr. Johnson.

siasm, and of holding converse among its crumbling arches, and prostrate monuments, and ruined temples, and shattered shrines, with the illustrious dead of by-gone ages, few comparatively have visited a small district, at the extremity of the plain of Piedmont, immediately under the Alps, the home for ages of men, who have suffered and bled and died that they might preserve to themselves and their children the invaluable blessings of religious liberty and independence. The inhabitants are called Valdenses, or Waldenses, in Italian Valdesi, in French Vaudois, from the valleys which they inhabit. These are three in number, Luzern, San Martino, and Rora, about twelve Italian miles in length, and nearly the same in the direction opposite. The present population, occupying fifteen parishes, amounts to 23,000 souls, the subjects of the former Dukes of Piedmont and Savoy, and of the present king of Italy. The traveller through those valleys would be amply repaid, if he merely visited them to witness the scenes of sublimity and beauty which surround him on every side. In the valley of Luzern and Angrogna, he will see an image of that Eden which once bloomed and blossomed in this world's wilderness. Gushing fountains, sparkling rivers, vineyards festooned from tree to tree, and adorned with purple clusters, waving harvests, lofty precipices, and verdant meadows expanding around him, are here unfolded to his astonished and delighted view. While in the valley of St. Martin, he will gaze upon scenes of awful sublimity and grandeur.

He will stand amid the everlasting rocks and mountains, those fortresses of nature, the impregnable home of the Waldenses during ages of fiery persecution. But the associations with which these valleys are connected, would be quite sufficient to render them objects of interest to every rightly constituted mind. Every spot in them is associated with the recollection of a glorious triumph over the armies of their ruthless oppressors. Prodigies of valour have been performed by a little band of peasants, unskilled in the use of arms, which rival, nay, eclipse the deeds of those heroes of antiquity, whose names embalmed by poetry and song, have descended to all succeeding generations. The soil has been deluged with the blood of the martyrs.

The writer of the following poem believes that the contemplation of their labours and sufferings, amid the scenes which have been hallowed by their presence, would animate us with a holy determination to exhibit this constancy, and to contend earnestly for the faith once delivered to the saints. He is very far from advocating that sentimentalism which leads to no practical result. But surely when controlled and directed, it may become an actuating and energizing principle. The traveller will hear a voice on every mountain, in every cave, and on every battle field, reminding him of the power of those principles by which the Waldenses were supported in their struggle with their cruel oppressors. The contemplation of the heroic deeds of the Grecian and Roman patriots has



nerved the arm, and animated the heart of many, who have triumphed gloriously over the enemies of their country, and have beaten back from their native soil the armies of the foreign invader. And shall no heart throb with emotion while we hold converse with those who stood in the front of the battle with the apostate Church of Rome, and surrounded as with a wall of fire the blood-stained banner of the cross ! The author ventures to hope that many of his readers will catch their spirit, and emulate their zeal. He trusts that he may inspire some of them with that enthusiasm on their behalf, which now prompts him to submit the following poem to the public. In order that it may be well understood, he prefaces it with a sketch of the history and present condition of this remarkable people.

The Roman Catholic Church has, with the view of vindicating her own antiquity, asserted that the Waldenses are a sect of a late date, and that they derive their name from Peter Waldo, the merchant of Lyons, who separated from her communion about the year 1160. We believe that this assertion is erroneous. We may bring forward passages from her own writers reporting the constantly asserted tradition of the Waldenses, that they existed as a Church long before the time just referred to. Reinerius Saccho, an inquisitor, and one of their most implacable enemies, who lived only eighty years after Waldo, thus writes respecting them—"Of all the heretical sects that are or have been, none is more pernicious than

that of the Leonists, first from its superior antiquity; for some say that it has lasted from the time of Sylvester, others from that of the Apostles." A century later, Polichdorf thus repeats the tradition—"The sons of iniquity say falsely before simple men that this sect has endured from the time of Pope Sylvester, when the Church began to have possessions." About 1540, Claud Seyssel, Archbishop of Turin, thus writes respecting them—"Some of the heretics pretend that this sect has lasted from the time of Constantine the Great; and that under one Leo, execrating the avarice of the then Pope Sylvester, they made their choice to live by themselves in simplicity and seclusion."

We think with the majority of those who have carefully considered the subject, that the Waldenses have never apostatized from the faith. Dr. Allix, in his valuable work on the ancient Churches of Piedmont, published about 170 years ago, has clearly demonstrated that the whole diocese of the north of Italy, in which the territory of the Waldenses was included, was pure enough during the first eight centuries at least, to deserve the appellation of a true branch of Christ's Holy Catholic Church. Meanwhile the Church in the neighbouring districts had begun to be corrupted by error, and to be debased by superstition. A gorgeous pomp and ceremonial disfigured the simplicity of the early Christian worship. The glare of countless lamps at noon-day, streaming along the aisles of the sacred edifice, dazzled the senses, and

excited the imagination. Clouds of incense rolled upward from innumerable altars. Multitudes bowed down in solemn adoration before the shrines of the saints. The Church in the north of Italy was for some time uncontaminated by the errors of its neighbours. But the wave of corruption gradually swept onward. It rolled however in vain against those everlasting rocks, which encircle as with an iron rampart the valleys of the Waldenses. Those who were determined to maintain the truth in its purity, retiring before the advancing deluge, found refuge within that impregnable sanctuary. The diocese of Turin had only in a measure, even in the tenth century, departed from the simplicity of the truth as it is in Jesus. We have evidence conclusive that the Archbishopric of Milan, in which province the bishopric of Turin was situated, did not become subject to the spiritual jurisdiction of the bishop of Rome till the middle of the eleventh century.

In the mean time an attempt had been made to arrest the progress of corruption and innovation. Louis the Meek, king of France, appointed his chaplain Cland to the bishopric of Turin in the year 817, with a special charge to labour for the accomplishment of this object. The Waldenses have always regarded the memory of this eminent prelate with the greatest veneration, because he exerted successfully every energy to preserve their forefathers from the errors and corruptions of the papal Antichrist. The lustre of his name and his example is reflected to us only dimly

through the mists of intervening ages. But we have no hesitation in describing him, as one of the brightest stars in that galaxy, which glitters in our spiritual firmament. He has been called by some the first Protestant reformer.

The following extracts from his writings will show the nature of the testimony which he lifted up against the corruptions of Rome. "If we ought to adore the cross, because Christ was fastened to it, how many things are there which touched Jesus Christ? Why do they not, on the same score, worship all that are virgins, because a virgin brought forth Jesus Christ? Why do they not adore mangers and old clothes, because He was laid in a manger, and wrapped in swaddling clothes? Why do they not adore fishing-boats, because He slept in one of them, and from it preached to the multitudes? Let them adore asses, because He entered Jerusalem on the foal of an ass; and lambs, because it is written of Him, 'Behold, the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world.' All those things are ridiculous, and rather to be lamented than set forth in writing; but we are compelled to state them in opposition to fools. Come to yourselves again, ye miserable transgressors: why are ye gone astray from the truth, and why, having become vain, are ye fallen in love with vanity? Why do ye crucify again the Son of God, and expose Him to open shame, and by these means make souls, by troops, to become the companions of devils?" And again, "Return, O ye blind, to your light; return to

Him who enlightens every man that cometh into the world. If we are to believe God when He promiseth, how much more when He swears, and saith, If Noah, Daniel, and Job (that is, if all the saints whom ye call upon, were endowed with holiness, righteousness, and merit equal to theirs) they shall neither deliver son nor daughter; and it is for this end He makes the declaration, that none might place their confidence in either the merits or the intercession of saints. Understand ye this, ye people without understanding. Ye fools, when will ye be wise? Ye who run to Rome, there to seek for the intercession of an apostle."

We have evidence that the labours and prayers of this eminent man proved a blessing not only to his own generation, but also to generations then unborn. The history of the three following centuries is involved in obscurity. The names of Claud's followers, being unrecorded in the annals of fame, have not descended to succeeding generations. We can have no doubt, however, that the grain of mustard seed thus cast into the earth, sprung up and flourished and expanded into a mighty tree, the leaves of which have been for the healing of the nations long after those who planted it were silent in the dust.

Peter Waldo is the next person who comes before us in connection with the history of the Waldenses. We shall just glance at the history of this individual, on account of the error respecting him, to which we have already referred. The truth we believe is, that they did not receive their name from him, but he from

them. We are informed that he was an opulent merchant of Lyons. For a long time he lived unawakened to a sense of the importance of spiritual and eternal realities. At length the sudden death of a companion was the means of arresting him in his downward career of guilt and misery. Immediately he began to read the only translation of the Scriptures at that time to be found in Europe, the Latin Vulgate, the meaning of which, as he understood the ancient languages, he was able fully to comprehend. Gradually his mind opened to the conviction, that the errors of the Church of Rome were condemned alike by reason and by revelation. Inflamed with zeal for God's glory, he lifted up his voice against them, denouncing the immorality of the clergy, and declaring that the Pope was the predicted antichrist, who was to establish the worship of saints and angels, and to sit in the temple of God, arrogating to himself the attributes and prerogatives of Deity. Being most anxious at the same time that his countrymen should have the opportunity of reading the Word of God, he translated himself, or asked others to translate, the four Gospels into French. He also laboured to impart to others around him the knowledge of heavenly truth. When he had laboured for three years most successfully in Lyons, Pope Alexander the Third fulminated his anathemas against this daring reformer. The consequence was that he was obliged to take refuge first in Dauphiny, afterwards in Picardy, and ultimately to settle in Bohemia, where he died in

1179, after a ministry of 20 years. Many through his instrumentality were added to the faith. Some of his followers, after their different persecutions, took refuge in the valleys of Piedmont, where they were incorporated with the Waldenses.* Pierre, however, himself was never in Italy; and for the reason above mentioned, could not have been the founder of their faith.

But we must not omit to state that the Waldenses were from the earliest ages essentially a missionary Church. Amid Prè-du-Tour, the most secluded hollow in the valleys, surrounded by lofty rocks which seemed to shut it out from the rest of the world, originally stood their ancient missionary college. Here, generation after generation of holy and devoted men were taught to dig deep into the vast mine of Christian truth. From this retreat, after having polished their armour, and been trained in the use of their weapons, they issued forth, prepared to engage in deadly conflict with the confederated legions of Rome. It is related in one of the manuscripts brought from the valleys by Sir Samuel Morland, and deposited in the University Library at Cambridge in the time of the Commonwealth, that on one occasion they assembled at the Prè-du-Tour in synod, to the number of one hundred and forty. The traveller through those solitudes

* Their settling in the valleys can hardly be explained without supposing the previous existence of their brethren in religion there.

will catch with fancy's ear the burning words with which that little band of warriors of the cross animated one another to persevere in their difficult and laborious enterprise, and the fervent prayers in which they sought that divine strength by which alone they could be enabled to rend asunder the chains of the oppressor. History has disclosed to us the glorious result of this and similar conferences. Animated with love to their Saviour they grasped firmly a banner on which were inscribed the words, "Nothing but Jesus Christ and Him crucified," and hastened to plant it in regions where Rome reigned with undisputed supremacy. Trial did not daunt, difficulty did not discourage them. Though a thousand hostile forms thronged the path they were pursuing, they still marched onward, prepared to encounter persecution, death itself in the service of their Divine Master. And their labours have been abundantly rewarded. The walls of many of the strongholds of superstition fell prostrate before the trumpet blast of these spiritual heroes. One who wrote in the year 1250 says, "that they had in all the cities of Lombardy, and in other kingdoms and lands several hearers, that they assembled the people in a hall, in a field, and even preached from the roofs. There was no one who dared to prevent them on account of the power and multitude of their partisans." Matthew Paris says that "they extended to Bulgaria, Croatia, and Dalmatia, and that they had taken such root there that they had drawn to themselves several bishops." Reinerius, who wrote in 1250, acknowledges

that they had their bishops in Lombardy.* Truly the "vine sent out her boughs unto the sea, and her branches unto the river." The robber chivalry of the Rhine, who had often listened unmoved to the agonizing cries of unoffending women and helpless children, when they issued forth to ravage and to destroy, melted into tears, as in the hall of their feudal castle, where "power dwelt amid her passions," the herald of salvation discoursed to them with simple eloquence on the love of a crucified Redeemer. The melody of the hymns of Zion floated through halls in Italy and France, in which once only were heard the lays of the troubadour, as he swept his lyre to the deeds of by-gone days, or the soft strains of voluptuous music, to the sound of which, forms, radiant with youthful beauty, threaded the mazes of the midnight dance. Nay, even among the olive woods and citron bowers of Spain, the hearts of many bounded within them, when they first heard from the lips of the Vaudois Barbas,† or pastors, that great doctrine, so well suited to bring peace to the conscience-stricken sinner—the doctrine of a sinner's justification through the blood and righteousness of Christ.‡ So true are

* So great was the spread of evangelical truth in the 12th century, that we are informed that if any one wished to go from Cologne to Milan, he could always find a host, without going to an inn.

† A title of respect in the Vaudois idiom literally signifying an uncle.

‡ Matthew Paris, writing in 1214 says, that in Spain they had ordained bishops to preach their doctrine.

the words of an able writer—"We must admit the existence of a body of men, who not only preserved, but actively diffused, the true light of the Gospel during those very ages in which we are too apt to consider it as having been extinguished. Nor was this, he continues, the casual work of detached individuals, but the constant object of succeeding generations, acting in concert, and acknowledging the same ecclesiastical authority. Sublime, indeed, is the picture of these venerable Christians, assembled in conclave among Alpine snows to protect a doctrine as superior in glorious simplicity to that opposed by them, as their own native mountains to the gorgeous cupola of St. Peter's."* We fully subscribe to this opinion. It is true indeed that the ruthless hand of persecution swept away these foreign Churches from the face of the earth. Only between the banks of the Pelice and the Clusone in Piedmont, have the truths of the Gospel been uninterruptedly preserved from the earliest ages of Christianity. We cannot doubt, however, that the labours of those holy men were as links in that golden everlasting chain which connects the first formation with the final accomplishments of the purposes of the Almighty. We believe that they prepared the way for Luther and that little band of warriors of the cross, who shook to their foundation the pillars of the papacy.

This last observation is true with reference to our own country. Dr. Gilly, in his work on the

* Acland's Compendium of the History of the Vaudois.

Vaudois, mentions the following conversation between himself, and M. Peyrani, the Vaudois moderator. "Remember," said the old man, "that you are indebted to us for your emancipation from papal thralldom. We led the way. We stood in the first rank, and against us the first thunderbolts of Rome were fulminated. The baying of the bloodhounds of the Inquisition was heard in our valleys, before you knew its name. They hunted down some of our ancestors, and pursued others from glen to glen, and over rock and mountain, till they obliged them to take refuge in foreign countries. A few of these wanderers penetrated as far as Provence and Languedoc, and from them were derived the Albigenes, or heretics of Albi. The province of Guienne afforded shelter to the persecuted Albigenes. Guienne was then in your possession. From an English province our doctrines found their way into England itself, and your Wickliffe preached nothing more than what had been advanced by the ministers of our valleys four hundred years before his time."

Before we dismiss this part of our subject, we may just glance at the way in which the Vaudois Barbas disseminated their principles. We are informed that they went forth two and two, an old man accompanied by a young man, the latter of whom was called coadjutor, and was instructed by the former in all the important duties of evangelization. In order that they might the more easily gain access to the houses of the nobility, it was their constant practice to appear

as hawkers, and to carry with them trinkets and other articles for sale. Reinerius, who wrote in 1250, thus describes the manner in which they introduced themselves—" 'Sir, will you please to buy any rings, or seals, or trinkets. Madam, will you look at any handkerchiefs, or pieces of needlework for veils; I can afford them cheap.' If after a purchase, the company ask, 'Have you any thing more?' the salesman will reply, 'O yes, I have far more valuable commodities than these, and I will make you a present of them, if you will protect me from the clergy.' Security being promised, on he would go: 'The inestimable jewel I spoke of is the Word of God, by which He communicates His mind to men, and which inflames their hearts with love to Him.' Then he would go on to repeat several chapters from the New Testament." The method adopted by these Vaudois Barbas is well worthy of the attention of all in the present day, who are engaged in the work of evangelization. Doubtless if we could follow these holy men through their various fields of labour, we should witness one of the most remarkable spectacles of patience and perseverance which has ever come before us. We should see the faithful missionary wasted almost to a shadow, yet supported by hidden strength, persevering in his work of faith, and labour of love; willing, if need be, to breathe out his soul through that rude wrench at which humanity shudders, amid the shouts and revilings of assembled multitudes. The names, however, and the achievements of these heroes have long

perished from the face of the earth. But they are inscribed in records more durable than brass or marble, and they shall be remembered when the monuments of human greatness shall have mouldered into dust.

But we have now, in the course of our brief historical summary, come to the time when the Roman Catholic Church began to exert every effort for the extermination of the Vaudois. The sword of persecution had hitherto slumbered in its scabbard. Rome had comparatively forgotten them; for she had been concentrating all her energies on the establishment of her spiritual and temporal supremacy over the nations of Europe. When, however, this dream of ambition had been fully gratified, and she had seen kings crouching at her feet, she began to fulminate her anathemas against the heretical Vaudois. But a dispute as to the succession in Savoy, in which territory, as we have seen, the valleys were situated, prevented for some time her sanguinary decrees from being carried into effect. Besides, the Dukes of Savoy found them so orderly, peaceful, and loyal, that they refused to listen to the remonstrances which were addressed to them, and for a long time cast around them the shield of their protection. Thus, as Acland observes, "it may seem as though the parent tree was especially guarded by providence for a season, till its scions had taken root so extensively, that no human power should be equal to eradicate them." But at length the prohibition was

removed. The sanguinary decrees of the Pope were eagerly enforced by his satellites, who scented from afar the blood of their victims. Multitudes were immolated on the altars of superstition during the 16th and 17th centuries. Deeds of cruelty were perpetrated, from the contemplation of which the mind recoils with horror. There is not a town of Piedmont, said a Vaudois Barba in his memoirs, in which some of our brethren have not been put to death. "They were stoned, they were sawn asunder, were tempted, were slain with the sword: they wandered about in sheep-skins, and goat-skins; being destitute, afflicted, tormented; they wandered in deserts, and in mountains, and in dens and caves of the earth."

We can only pass rapidly in review the persecutions of the Vaudois in the valleys of Piedmont. We find that the first attack was made on them in the year 1487, when Pope Innocent VIII. published an edict, promising full absolution to all who should aid in exterminating the heretics. Immediately a numerous army, consisting of robbers attracted by the prospect of plunder, and of adventurers inflamed with a thirst for martial glory, rushed upon the valleys. The Pope's legate, Albert de Capitaneis, finding that they would not abandon the faith of their forefathers, at once proceeded to attack them. The Vaudois calmly awaited his approach in one of their mountain citadels, being fully assured that by some providential interference, God would destroy the mighty army which was confederate against them. And they were not

disappointed in their expectations. The legate, ignorant of strategy, extended his line too far, hoping that without striking a second blow, he might surround and annihilate the Vaudois. The latter at once taking advantage of his error in weakening his line at all points, rushed down from their stronghold, and broke through everywhere the feeble barrier raised against them.

But a more formidable enemy afterwards appeared on the scene. In the year 1560, the Count de La Trinitè, animated with implacable hostility against the Vaudois, invaded their valleys, resolved, if they did not abjure the faith of their forefathers, to spread ruin and desolation around him. But the Vaudois did not tremble when they heard of the large army assembled beneath his banner. One pulse was beating through the whole of the little community; one spirit animated the whole. Immediately they bind themselves by a solemn vow to stand in one united phalanx around their hearths and their altars, and to seal, if need be, with their blood their testimony to those great truths, which had been bequeathed to them as a precious legacy from the days of primitive Christianity. Then with their wives and families they took refuge in the mountain citadel of Prè-du-Tour, being fully persuaded that God would fight for them, as for their fathers in the days of old, and enable them to beat back the armies of the oppressor. In that expectation they were not disappointed. The fiery deluge rolled against their stronghold; but it recoiled like the waves

from the rock-bound coast. Entrenched behind their barricades formed on the mountain, they hurled destruction for four successive days on the large bodies of men, who were brought up in turn to assail those rocky ramparts. The assailants on the fifth day wavered, knowing very well that they were rushing into the jaws of destruction. The Vaudois, observing this hesitation, immediately sallied from their entrenchments, and drove them in utter discomfiture down the mountain slopes. The glorious issue was that the enemy, disheartened by their repeated failures, evacuated the valleys, and that articles were signed, granting liberty of conscience to the Vaudois.

We find that in the short space of four years this edict was rescinded, and that another was issued against them. But though they continued the victims of unfeeling oppression and of savage cruelty, they were not called upon to pass through the burning fiery furnace before the middle of the following century. The Society de Propagandâ Fide, which had been established in the valleys in the year 1637, was then enabled to carry its sanguinary purposes into effect. The agent whom it employed was the Marquis de Pianesse. The wife of this nobleman, who, by her zeal against the Vaudois, hoped to atone for her frivolity and dissipation in the early part of her life, had wrung from him a promise on her death-bed, that he would labour for the conversion of the heretics. That this promise was fulfilled, the history of the year 1655 furnishes sad and

unequivocal testimony. In the April of that year the Marquis marched a large body of troops to the valleys, and summoned the Vaudois to provide quarters for them. They, distrusting him, at first offered a strenuous opposition to this demand, but at length admitted the soldiers to their houses, when he gave them a solemn assurance that he came to them as the messenger of peace. Alas! they were soon fatally undeceived. On Easter eve (24th April, 1655) the signal was given for one of the most bloody massacres, which has ever disgraced the annals of heathen, or of Christian nations. Leger, the historian, thus writes—"What shall I say? O my God, the pen falls from my hands. Little children were torn from the arms of their mothers, dashed against the rocks, and cast carelessly away. The sick or the aged, both men and women, were either burned in their houses, or hacked to pieces; or mutilated, half-murdered, and flayed alive, they were exposed in a dying state, to the heat of the sun, or to flames, or to ferocious beasts. There were graves scarcely filled up, where the earth still seemed to give forth the groans of the unhappy victims who had been buried alive. Every where misery, terror, desolation and death. These are the things which I can tell."

No sooner were the details of this massacre published abroad, than a cry of indignation and horror burst from the nations of Europe. The Protector Cromwell, the Kings of France, Sweden and Denmark, the Swiss Cantons, the Duke of Wirtemberg, and others, dis-

patched envoys, or wrote letters to the Duke of Savoy, to denounce, in terms of indignant reprobation, an act which had placed him beyond the pale of civilized society. The poet Milton particularly distinguished himself by his zeal on behalf of the Vaudois. He was Latin, or Foreign Secretary to the Commonwealth; and in that capacity addressed strong letters of remonstrance from his master, to five of the sovereigns of Europe. He also induced Cromwell to labour most energetically for the Vaudois, and produced the immortal sonnet which we have given in our title-page. The Protector lost no time in dispatching Sir Samuel Morland on a special mission to the court of Turin. The youthful envoy, glowing with a just indignation, pleaded in eloquent terms the cause of suffering humanity, and condemned in language not often heard within the precincts of a court, the outrages which a monster in human shape had perpetrated on a loyal and unoffending people. Cromwell exhibited the lively interest he felt for them, by directing a collection to be made for them throughout England, which very soon amounted to £38,241. He himself contributed £2,000 from the privy purse.

But Rome had not yet slaked her thirst for the blood of these martyrs and confessors. She was determined not to be satisfied, until she had swept them away from the face of the earth, with the besom of destruction. She found in Louis XIV. of France, a fitting agent for the execution of her decrees. This monarch, having revoked the edict of Nantes, was

determined not to tolerate the presence of heretics in a district adjacent to his own territory. Accordingly he informed the Duke of Savoy, that if he did not at once expel the heretics, he would immediately take this office upon himself, and would occupy the valleys with his own army. The Duke at first remonstrated with the King, representing to him that his ancestors had often attempted in vain to exterminate the Vaudois ; but at length finding that his remonstrances were ineffectual, he issued on the 31st of January, 1686, an edict to the effect that every Protestant temple in the district was to be razed to the ground, that the Vaudois should cease immediately and for ever from the exercise of their religion, and that all the pastors and schoolmasters of the valleys should be obliged to embrace Catholicism, or to quit the country within the space of fifteen days.

The subsequent events are described in the following poem. The Vaudois, having in vain attempted to obtain from their sovereign more favourable terms, determined to stand on the defensive. The combined forces of France and Savoy ere long invaded the valleys. The disastrous issue was that, to use the words of a French officer in the destroying army,—“All the valleys are wasted, all the inhabitants are killed, hanged, or massacred.” Thus then the destruction of the Waldensian Church seemed to be accomplished. The survivors were immured in the dungeons of Piedmont, where they were subjected to incredible sufferings. A stillness as deep as the still-

ness of the tomb reigned through their depopulated valleys.

At length, through the mediation of foreign countries, and the gallant exploits of a little band of outlaws, who descending from the mountain fastnesses in which they had taken refuge after the massacre, inspired the enemy with dread by their continual attacks, the Vaudois were delivered from their bondage. They were however doomed to perpetual exile from their territory. Only 3500 remained to avail themselves of this permission to retire, out of the 15000 who had formed the population of the valleys a short time before.

The large body of the exiles found refuge in Switzerland; but some of them proceeded to Brandenburg. In the former country, as we shall read, the whole population vied with one another in acts of kindness to the persecuted. In the latter however the kindly feelings of the elector do not appear to have been at all seconded by his subjects. On the contrary, they acted towards them as if they wished them to quit the territory. In Wirtemberg they seem to have experienced similar treatment, and were ultimately obliged to depart from the country. The Swiss also insisted on their departure from Switzerland, on account of two unsuccessful attempts made by them to return to their native land. They were afraid that the repetition of those attempts would involve them in hostilities with the Duke of Savoy. Another attempt which one hundred of them now made to settle in

Wurtemberg, seems like the former to have failed of the wished-for success. The consequence was that they were obliged to depart from the territory in September, 1688, and again to settle in Switzerland.

They seem now to have been more than ever convinced, that, as they could find no certain dwelling-place among the nations of Europe, God designed that they should attempt to regain possession of the valleys of their ancestors. "A wonderful link in the chain of providence," says a writer, "was this love of country; truly God moves in a mysterious way; without it one of the fairest realms of nature would have been lost to the Protestant world; and Italy, including the whole Papal states, would be without the light which now shines at its very doors." How, in defiance of their own sovereign, in opposition to the king of France, at this time the most powerful monarch in Europe, in the face of difficulties which appeared almost insurmountable, eight hundred destitute exiles were enabled to accomplish this return to their beloved native land, we shall see in the following poem. . We feel sure that all who dispassionately consider this wonderful history, will, when they see God interposing visibly on their behalf, come to the conclusion that He inspired them with the heroic determination, and gave them strength to carry it into effect, for a special purpose connected with His providential government of the world.

We will now say a few words respecting the eminent individual, Henri Arnaud, who conducted

this expedition. We are informed that he was a son of Francis Arnaud, a native of the valley of Ambrun in Dauphiny, and of Margaret Gros, a descendant of an illustrious race formerly settled at Dromer in the marquisate of Salusse. This territory was originally included within the limits of the Vaudois. It appears that he was educated in his early years in the schools of the valleys; and that he afterwards went to Basle to pursue his studies, having availed himself of the charitable aid which the rulers of that canton afforded to Vaudois students. He completed his studies at the University of Geneva, and was afterwards received as pastor, by the synod in 1670, at which time he retired from Dauphiny in order to escape from the iniquitous persecutions of Louis XIV. He laboured very energetically and unobtrusively as a parish priest in the valleys, until the Vaudois were expelled from them by the exterminating edict of the Duke of Savoy in 1686.

He seems to have been almost the only one of the pastors, who at this time animated the Vaudois to brave the wrath of the tyrant. At a meeting of the delegates of the valleys, held on April 19th, 1686, at which it was resolved to defend their religion, Arnaud is reported to have said: "O Lord Jesus, who hast suffered so much and died for us, grant us grace that we may be able also to suffer, and to sacrifice our lives for Thee. Those who persevere to the end shall be saved. Let each of us exclaim with the Apostle, 'I can do all things through Christ which strength-

eneth me.'” He induced them to hold in all their parishes on the following Sabbath, a solemn communion, at which they vowed a vow of eternal fealty to their Divine Redeemer. Afterwards we find that he plunged into the thick of the battle, when the Vaudois first successfully resisted the armies of the foreign invader. He was the soul of all those efforts which had for their object the recovery of their native valleys. Soon after the arrival of the exiles in Switzerland, he paid a visit to the Prince of Orange, our own William III., of immortal memory, in Holland, for the purpose of communicating their plans, and interesting him in their cause. His highness is understood to have complimented Arnaud very highly on his zeal, to have exhorted him not to lose courage amid the pressure of adverse circumstances, and to persevere in his difficult and laborious enterprise.

But now the time arrived when he was to sway the destinies of his people, and to act a conspicuous part on the world’s high stage. He heard a voice in his day-visions, and night dreams, animating him to take the banner on which was inscribed the motto of his community—“*Lux lucet in tenebris*,” and to fling it wide to the winds on their everlasting mountains. At length, he led forth that little band, whose efforts were, as we shall see, crowned with glorious success. The history of this expedition called, “*Histoire de la Glorieuse Rentrée des Vaudois dans leur vallées, par Henri Arnaud, Pasteur et Colonel des Vaudois*,” was published in 1710, and was dedicated to Queen Anne.

It was translated into English about thirty years ago by Mr. Acland. We have reason however to believe that this work was not written by Arnaud, but by the youthful Reynaudin, from notes taken by Arnaud during the expedition. It was probably corrected by him afterwards. We may gather from a conversation between Napoleon the Great, and M. Peyrani the Vaudois Moderator, recorded by Dr. Gilly, that the former entertained a high opinion of Arnaud. He seems to have read "*La Glorieuse Rentrée.*" After the rupture between France and Savoy in 1690, which led to the restoration of the Vaudois to their ancient settlements, Arnaud, Odin, and Friquet were presented to his royal highness, who addressed them in the following memorable words: "You have only one God, and one Prince, serve them faithfully. Hitherto we have been foes; henceforth let us be friends. To strangers alone your misfortunes are to be attributed; but if, as is your duty, you expose your lives for me, I in like manner will expose mine for you; and while I have a morsel of bread you shall have your share."

The Duke of Savoy, however, with the proverbial ingratitude of monarchs, soon forgot the important service, which his former foes rendered to him in the war which followed with Louis XIV. In consequence of an article in the treaty of peace at length concluded between him and the French monarch, Arnaud, and all other Protestants of French extraction were expelled from the Vaudois valleys. This expulsion tended, as the historian Muston has observed, to keep

the Israel of the Alps distinct from all the nations which form the great European commonwealth. Arnaud seems to have retired very soon after his banishment in 1698 to Schonberg, in the territory of the Duke of Wirtemberg, of which place he became pastor. He returned to the valleys in 1703, was provisional pastor of St. Jean in 1706, withdrew in 1707, and was in London in 1708, the date of his portrait by Van Somers. In 1709 he retired to Germany. William III. gave him a colonel's commission, and Queen Anne a pension of £226. Both of them entertained so high an opinion of him, that they gave him pressing invitations to reside at their respective courts; but deaf to the voice of ambition, he chose to devote all his energies to the superintendence of the spiritual welfare of the Waldensian colony, in the obscure village of Schonberg. Here he died at the advanced age of eighty. His tomb may still be seen in the village church with the following epitaph, which well describes his character :—

Valdensium Pedamontanorum pastor nec non,
Militum præfectus, venerandus ac strenuus
Henricus Arnaud sub hoc tumultu jacet.

Cernis hic Arnaldi cineres ; sed gesta, labores
Infractumque animum, pingere nemo potest.
Obiit VIII. Sept. et Sepultus est A.D. M.DCC.XXI.

With reference to the following poem the writer may observe that all the leading particulars stated respecting Arnaud, have their foundation in fact.

The latter had a daughter of the name of Margaret; but her character, and that of Pierre, as represented in the following poem, are imaginary. The poem opens with the description of an assembly of the Vaudois, held in a solitude in Switzerland, shortly before the commencement of their expedition for the recovery of their native valleys. On the 16th August, 1689, between the hours of ten and eleven, about two years and a half after their first arrival in Switzerland, they were gliding across the blue waters of the lake of Geneva. The decree establishing them in their valleys bears date June 30th, 1690, three years and a half after their first dispersion. To this we have called attention in a note to the 17th chapter of the first Canto.

We have now little to add to the history of the Waldenses. The times of fierce persecution, when they were called to glorify God in the fires, had now for ever passed away from them; but still they were exposed to petty persecutions, and were made subject to civil disabilities, because after the way which men call heresy, they worshipped the God of their fathers. While Napoleon held possession of their territory, a gleam of prosperity shone over the valleys; he assigned revenues for the support of the clergy, and admitted their inhabitants to every right and privilege enjoyed by their fellow subjects in Piedmont. But on the restoration of the French government, the prohibition to acquire land out of the valleys, the disqualification for any civil office, and many other vexatious

restrictions were imposed anew upon the Vaudois. But the day of the long prayed-for deliverance at length arrived. They were now to furnish another illustration of the truth of those words of the poet—

That freedom's battle once begun,
Bequeath'd by bleeding sire to son,
Though baffled oft, is ever won.

On 17th February, 1848, at the time when every throne in Europe was shaken to its foundation, a decree was issued, conferring the same privileges on the Vaudois as on the other subjects of the king of Sardinia. A song of triumph now ascended from every part of their valleys. The suffering witnessing Church was now repaid for the bloody persecutions of former ages. She was now at liberty to extend her boundaries beyond her mountain home. Ere long she availed herself of this privilege, planting the banner of her Church first of all in Piedmont, and ultimately carrying it to other parts of the Italian Peninsula.

We can now only glance at the doctrines of the Waldenses. These have been summed up in three sentences, which contain the essence of evangelical truth :—"God is the only object of worship." "The Bible is the only rule of faith." "Christ is the only foundation of salvation."

We must not omit here to state that the Waldenses were remarkable also for their attention to the practical part of Christianity. We find that such was their morality six hundred years ago, that according

to the testimony of Reinerius, their bitter enemy, "they do not carry on commerce that they may avoid falsehoods, oaths, and frauds ; they have no wish to acquire property, contenting themselves with necessary things ; they are chaste, and abstain from lying and swearing." According to the testimony of another writer of their own communion, "The Roman Catholics, both lords and others, would rather have men and maid-servants among us, than from those of their own religion ; and they actually come from distant parts to seek nurses among us for their little children, finding, as they say, more fidelity among our people than their own." Dr. Gilly assures us that they have not degenerated from the virtues of their forefathers, and that they still exhibit a transcript of those excellencies which shone forth with unimpaired and undiminished brightness in every word and every action of the Son of God.

It may be proper to introduce here a short description of the constitution of the Vaudois Church. A Synod is held every year, in the month of May, at which time an election is made of a moderator, two ecclesiastics, and two laymen. These five individuals constitute the "Table," to which is committed the management of the affairs of the Church during the ensuing year. They are subject only to the control of the Synod, to which they have to give an account of their proceedings at the expiration of their term of service.

We must now say something about the holy and

devoted men who are engaged in the work of the ministry in the Vaudois valleys. These are called pastors, who are fifteen in number, and to them is committed the charge of the parishes into which the valleys are divided. The population is so scattered that they are often obliged to travel a long distance, and to pass the whole day in visiting their flocks, traversing difficult and dangerous paths in the prosecution of their work of faith and labour of love. We regret to say that they are very inadequately rewarded, £1000 a year being the whole sum divided among them. From this sum also are paid the superannuated pastors, and the pastors' widows. Two-thirds of this £1000 are received from England. We have stated that Cromwell made a collection on behalf of the Vaudois. A part was immediately transmitted to the valleys, and the sum of £16000 was funded for their benefit. This sum Charles II. appropriated to his own purposes. William III. endeavoured to atone for the injustice of his predecessor, by issuing a treasury warrant for the payment of an annual sum. This grant, afterwards reduced to £277, was suspended at the time of the French occupation of the valleys in 1797, and remained unpaid till 1827, when it was restored through the instrumentality of Rev. Dr. Gilly, whose exertions on their behalf in various ways are beyond all praise. Another sum of £325 a year is paid to them through the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign parts, the trustee of a fund raised for them in the early part of the reign of George III., under the

authority of a royal letter. We are glad also to be able to state that another fund was established about five years ago, called the Vaudois Pastors' Fund. From this fund £60 or £70 are remitted annually to the valleys for their benefit.

But we must now bring to a close this lengthened review of the history of the Vaudois. We rejoice in being able to say that the memory of this noble army of martyrs has been rescued from the oblivion which once threatened them. Though they occupy a spot which is only a speck on the map of Europe, yet they were formerly objects of very general attention on account of their heroic struggles in defence of primitive Christianity. But since their territory ceased to be the bloody battle ground of religious liberty, they have come less prominently before the notice of surrounding nations. Now, however, the eyes of the world are once more fastened upon them. Many in Great Britain and foreign countries share the conviction which seems to be entertained by them, that they have been preserved as by a miracle in the midst of persecutions which desolated their fertile valleys, and seemed likely to issue in the blotting out of their name from under heaven, that they might aid in carrying the lamp of life through the length and breadth of the benighted Italian Peninsula. Acting upon this persuasion, they have ordained evangelists during the last ten years, for the express purpose of prosecuting this high and holy enterprise. These men are supported by the congregations to which they

are sent, and by contributions from foreign countries. Their district, originally limited to Piedmont, is now co-extensive with nearly the whole of Italy. But this is not all. On May 18th, 1860, the Synod unanimously and enthusiastically voted the immediate transference of the La Tour Theological College, which the late Dr. Gilly was instrumental in founding, to Florence, in order that they might be in the centre of the great evangelical movement. Thus acting in the spirit of their immortal forefathers, they issue once more from their valleys, burning with the desire of publishing the message of peace to Rome's spiritual bond-slaves in Italy. Already we see breaches in the walls of the Papal citadel. The world has laughed to scorn the spiritual thunders of the Vatican, recently directed against a mighty monarch. The people of Italy are more than ever alienated from the Roman Catholic clergy, because, acting on instructions from Rome, they refused to solemnize by religious services the recent national fête in celebration of the formation of the kingdom of Italy. The cause of religious liberty also has made wonderful progress. Various Societies in England, Switzerland, and North America, availing themselves of the permission now given to them by the law of the land, are diffusing religious as well as general literature throughout Italy, with the exception of Rome and Venetia. Their efforts, together with those of the Vaudois, and of others styling themselves the Free Italian Church, have already produced a blessed result. Large congregations have

been formed in many of the principal cities of Italy. As yet indeed the movement has only affected the lower classes of the community. The high and mighty in the land, who were the first to revolt against Rome at the time of the Reformation in the sixteenth century, are not yet prepared to embrace the truths of the everlasting Gospel. We fear that many of them are labouring to prove that religion is a cunningly devised fable, and eternity a dream. To eradicate this infidelity, to conquer those prejudices in the minds of the poorer classes which hinder the heartfelt reception of the truth as it is in Jesus, to give a right direction to the efforts of those who are labouring to burst the fetters which enthrall them, should be the object of all those who have at heart the best interests of Italy. We trust that God will give wisdom to the labourers employed in this work ; that He will crown their efforts with glorious success ; and that He will hasten forward the coming of that time, when a song of triumph shall be heard in every part of an emancipated land.

HENRI ARNAUD.

Canto First.

I.

The sun was slowly sinking down
Behind the craggy rocks which high
Above a rugged valley frown,
In desolate sublimity.
The pines which crest the western steep,
Towering above the cliffs long rent,
Like giant warders seem to keep
Watch o'er some time-worn battlement.
Tinged with a rosy hue they cast
Their gloomy shadows o'er the dale,
Breathing, when shaken by the blast,
A low and deep and solemn wail.
The spirits of the air a dirge
Through them in fitful cadence pour,
Which seems the murmur of the surge
Beating against a distant shore.

They hear, alas ! a dying moan
 From heights o'er which the storm-cloud lowers.
 They see that havoc rears his throne
 Amid the vales of vintage-bowers.*
 They mourn to see the Vaudois roam
 Abroad, forlorn, oppressed with sadness,
 While silence broods above a home
 Which echoed to the strains of gladness.

II.

AMID this ancient solitude,
 When danger thickened round the state,
 Helvetia's sons had often stood,
 Engaged in stern and high debate.
 These rocky walls had often heard
 Voices more thrilling than the clang
 Of trumpets, which have deeply stirred
 The souls of warriors, as they rang
 Along the ranks of war, and gave
 That strength by which asunder fly
 Chains forged by tyrants to enslave
 The mountain-home of liberty.
 Breathing united strength they burn
 Around their country's hearths to stand,
 And, wedged in firm array, to spurn
 The proud invader from the land.
 On every hill with ruddy glow
 Blaze high the far-seen beacon-fires;

* See Note 1.

On every flowery plain below,
 Men long to emulate their sires.
 Ah ! lovely far-famed land still swells,
 While viewless forms the strains prolong,
 Among thy rocks and rugged dells,
 Thy glorious spirit-stirring song.
 May every breast through ages thrill
 With legends of thine olden time !
 May Freedom's blood-stained banner still
 Float proudly o'er thy hills sublime !

III.

THIS passing tribute we must give
 To deeds which fill fame's trumpet blast,
 And gilding history's page shall live,
 Shrined in the records of the past.
 But now amid this savage scene
 Appears a way-worn exiled band,
 The sons of those whose breasts had been
 The bulwark of their native land.
 Alas ! they could not rear a mound
 The desolating flood to stay ;
 And then they dwell on foreign ground,
 To anguish and disease a prey.
 The wasted frame, the care-worn brow,
 Wrinkled and wan, o'er which are shed,
 In manhood's prime, the locks of snow,
 Like flakes upon the oak half-dead,

The form bowed down, but not with age,
 The hollow sunken eye, reveal
 Woes which no solace can assuage,
 Wounds which no earthly balm can heal.
 Once they were like the citadel,
 Which reared its massive form on high,
 When every arch and pinnacle
 Glowed with the radiance of the sky :
 But if with desolating power
 The storm of war has passed, each stone,
 Each blackened and dismantled tower,
 Proclaims a tale of grandeur gone.

IV.

Yes, here in solemn conclave stand
 The relics of the Vaudois race,
 Compelled to seek in Switzerland,
 Far from their vales, a resting-place.
 Two kings laid waste with fire and sword
 Their land, because they would not be
 The vassals of that power abhorred,
 The antichristian tyranny.*
 When first against them broke the flood
 Of war, they well sustained the shock ;
 Amid the fiery surge they stood
 Unshaken like the solid rock.

* See the Preface.

But soon uprooted by the blast,
 The standard which victorious rose
 Above the strife through ages past,
 Wavers and sinks amid their foes.*
 The spirits from the depths of hell,
 Thronging the spacious fields of air,
 Cast o'er their souls a mighty spell,
 And breathe the shadow of despair.
 Back from the fight appalled they shrink,
 Those hosts unable to abide ;
 While palsied by their charms now sink
 The arms which stemmed the rolling tide.
 Oh ! if beyond the mist which shrouds
 The glories of the realms of light,
 Their faith had soared, behind the clouds
 They would have seen the squadrons bright,
 Marshalled by Christ, their mighty Lord,
 Hovering above the battle-field—
 The golden wings, the flaming sword,
 The gleaming of the diamond shield.

V.

AND now the tyrant's cruel doom
 Confines them to a dungeon's cell :
 The horrors of that living tomb
 Ah ! who can adequately tell !
 Dark images before them rise :
 The blasts which shake the prison bring

* See Note 2.

The wild and agonizing cries
 Which through th' ensanguined valleys ring.
 They see the ministers of hell
 Standing, with weapons bathed in blood,
 Round those whose loveliness might well
 Have charmed the tiger's fiercest mood.
 They see upon the rugged stones
 Mangled with wounds the infants flung,
 They hear the mothers' dying groans
 As round those cherub forms they clung.
 The sight of those now dyed in gore,
 Who, wrapped in infancy's soft sleep,
 Nestled beneath their breasts before,
 Might cause the very stones to weep.
 Now murder rages uncontrolled :
 They hear the soldiers' savage yells,
 As old and young down rocks are rolled,
 And hurled upon their pinnacles.
 As wrapped in gory garments passed
 These victims of the wrath of Rome,
 Towards them a glance they seemed to cast,
 Which charged them with their martyrdom.
 Conscience the accusation owns :
 Ah ! always till they cease to be,
 Will those wan forms, that look, those groans,
 Be stamped upon their memory.
 They felt that if, like those of old,
 Whose glorious history should inspire
 Trust in that Shepherd who his fold
 Had girdled with a wall of fire,

Themselves, amid the battle shock,
 Had grasped the Lord's omnipotence,
 The boar would ne'er have slain the flock,
 Nor rooted up the ancient fence.

VI.

THUS when around them chains were cast,
 Their bosom pangs found no relief;
 But o'er th' irrevocable past
 Brooding, they waste with inward grief.*
 Disease too scathes the manly limb :
 Amid that charnel-house the lamp
 Of life decays and waxes dim,
 Choked by the vault's sepulchral damp.
 Now wedged in one dense mass for breath
 They struggle with convulsive gasps ;
 While nursed by noxious vapours death
 Firmly those iron sinews clasps.
 Alike upon the young and old
 Gaunt famine lays its withering hand.
 In truth the heart of roughest mould
 Might well with sorrow be unmanned,
 To hear the drooping infant's cries,
 As famished to the breast it clung,
 To see the mother's agonies,
 While o'er th' unconscious babe she hung.
 The tints upon the damask cheek
 Of beauty in her youthful bloom,

* See Note 3.

Like the first rosy hues which streak
 Th' ascending dawn, and then assume
 A paler shadow till the sky,
 So rich in promise, fades away,
 These too lose all their brilliancy,
 And tell a tale of slow decay.
 Alas! these sights and sounds of woe
 Inflamm the fever of the mind.
 When to the sickness which lays low
 The shattered frame, remorse is joined—
 The thought that they themselves laid bare
 Those bosoms to the glittering knife,
 That through their fault the tainted air
 Had sapped the citadel of life—
 Oh! can we wonder that the head
 Is frosted in life's summer-tide,
 That soon they lose th' elastic tread
 With which they ranged the mountain-side,
 That furrowed e'en in youth the brow
 Assumes a fixed and constant gloom,
 While round those wasted bodies now
 Are wrapped the shadows of the tomb.

VII.

AND when beneath the firmament
 Freed from their cruel bonds they stand,
 Say, did adversity relent,
 Or ease the pressure of her hand?

No, a far bitterer draught they quaff;
 The fiends who mock at human woe,
 Uttered a loud exulting laugh
 From their deep prison-house below,
 When the shrill shriek from bursting hearts
 Proclaims too well the children's doom,
 Whom from their parents priestcraft parts,
 To train them in that faith of Rome,
 Which, like the night-shade, soon will blight
 The flowers just blossoming for the skies,
 And breathe the chilling shades of night
 Round those pure babes of Paradise.
 But other woes await that band;
 The tyrant, death, fresh victims claims;
 Grim winter lays his icy hand
 On those debilitated frames.
 Chilled by his touch, the life-blood flows
 With sluggish current through their veins.
 And now upon the dazzling snows
 Extended, deadly torpor reigns
 O'er every sense: the sick and old
 Towards their loved hills their glances cast;
 And then their corpses, stiff and cold,
 Lie bleaching in the northern blast.
 And when at length the Alps they climb,
 What fears their inmost souls appal!
 They see that winter throned sublime
 Amid his vast and lofty hall,
 Prepares his magazine of storms,
 And moulds the hail, that iron sleet,

Which, smiting down those feeble forms,
 Shall wrap them in a winding-sheet.
 The clouds piled up amid the north,
 With vapour big, at length are rent :
 The hurricane of snow bursts forth,
 And o'er them rears a monument.
 Ah ! who unmoved could contemplate
 Those sons of woe to exile driven,
 Naked, forlorn, and desolate,
 While round them beat the blasts of heaven !
 In truth the heart of stone might bleed
 To see that band, with bosoms bare,
 Whose sickly forms for pity plead
 In vain from ruthless murderers there.
 Record, O God, their bitter woes :
 The banner of Thy wrath fling wide :
 Oh ! hurl Thy bolts upon Thy foes,
 And smite the seven-hilled city's pride.

VIII.

AND now the storm has spent its strength.
 The shattered barks in safety ride
 Upon a tranquil sea at length.
 Like spectres, which before us glide
 At midnight from the world unseen,*
 They enter now a safe retreat ;
 Those who beheld the mournful scene,
 As in Geneva's streets they meet,

* See Note 4.



From deep emotion wept aloud ;
 For as each band arrived they find
 That some are wanting in the crowd,
 With whom their heart-strings were entwined.
 Alas ! the staff on which they leant
 To guide their weary feet was broken ;
 The hand of death had rudely rent
 Love's silver cord—scarce any token
 Of former joys remained to cheer
 Their passage through the wilderness ;
 Few friends to check the starting tear,
 Or soothe them in their deep distress.
 Oh ! can we wonder at the burst
 Of sorrow o'er their friends departed—
 Or that of all bereft, at first
 They seem forlorn and broken-hearted !

IX.

AND now the sympathizing mind,
 Sickened by these barbarities,
 Delights a greener spot to find,
 To see a brighter vision rise.
 A sparkling fountain bubbles up
 Amid a bleak and barren waste ;
 Those who had drained the bitter cup
 Of sorrow to its dregs, now taste
 That active sympathy which cheers
 The heart in sorrow's darkest night,

And sheds along this vale of tears
 A brilliant gleam of heavenly light.
 The sons and daughters of the land
 Drop balm upon the wounded heart ;
 With generous purpose fired they stand
 Around them eager to impart
 Strength to the languor of disease,
 As drooping on the couch it lies,
 To give the stricken sufferer ease,
 And soothe him in his agonies.
 But while they breathe a foreign air,
 Dejection clouds each manly brow ;
 Though all that cheers and gladdens there
 Surrounds each way-worn pilgrim now,
 They cannot yet forget their home,
 The cradle of their ancient race.
 But still the weary exiles roam
 With sorrowing hearts from place to place.
 And ever, as they wander near
 The Aar's green banks, and foaming wave,
 They seem to catch with fancy's ear
 The dashing of the streams which lave
 Their fertile meads, and verdant sod,
 Decked with bright galaxies of flowers,
 Where rosy health and peace abode
 Amid their purple grapes and bowers.
 Thus then their hearts within them burn
 Their native land once more to tread ;
 Their monarch's harsh decree to spurn,
 His doom of exile—and to shed

Upon some well fought field their blood,
 To rend the tyrant's galling chain,
 Onward to march through fire and flood,
 And seek their homes and hearths again.

X.

ALAS! from want of prudent care,
 Their efforts had been twice in vain;
 And now their leading men prepare
 And plan an enterprise again.
 Amid the wild sequestered scene,
 Of which we sang, the warriors stand,
 Encircling one whose lofty mien
 Proclaims him born for high command.
 Towering above the crowd he seems
 A mighty pillar of the state:
 From his dark eye a brightness beams,
 While thousands on his teaching wait,
 Which oft ev'n those with terror struck,
 Who strove to shake th' eternal throne;
 From the same seat of power a look,
 With magic skill, was often thrown,
 Which woke a sympathetic heat,
 And kindled valour into life,
 Causing the patriot's heart to beat
 With noble ardour for the strife.
 His too the gift of eloquence—
 Now like the mighty torrent rushing,

Which sweeps away each mound and fence--

Now like a flood of music gushing
From the sweet warbler of the night,
Whose lays amid her woodland bower,
Ravish the senses with delight

In evening's soft and tranquil hour.
Just so his voice, with tuneful skill,

Flings o'er each sense its soft control,
And moulds, obedient to its will,

Each generous impulse of the soul.

His too the calm intrepid look,

Which, if along the sky were flashing
Red meteors, and all nature shook,

While the dark thunder-clouds were clashing,
Firm confidence inspired, and kept

The soul, when earth's vast globe seemed riven,
Calm as when o'er the landscape slept
Softly the golden hues of heaven.

XI.

SUCH was the man whom nature's hand

With all those attributes endowed,

Which gave him power to guide, withstand,

And chain the passions of the crowd.

At first, as pastor of a flock,

Through strength divine he rent asunder

The prison bars; smote through the rock;

Strove Calvary's tale of love and wonder

With mournful pathos to unfold ;
 The fount of penitence unsealed,
 Melting the heart of roughest mould ;
 Then to his hearers he revealed
 That Cross compared with which they deem
 The pride of wealth, the pomp of glory,
 The baseless pageant of a dream.

Now by redemption's mournful story
 With love inflamed, they onward go,
 To toil, to suffer, and to die,
 Till soaring from this vale of woe,
 They wear the wreath of victory.
 His nature led him to recoil

From scenes of violence and blood.
 A life of unambitious toil

Amid his Alpine solitude—
 This was his being's end and aim :

He did not seek that dazzling blaze
 Which oft surrounds the hero's name :

His sole ambition was to raise
 The struggling spirit up to God,
 To polish jewels from the mine
 For his own crown, to make the abode
 Of peace through Christ and love divine
 Each dwelling in his lonely glen.

And when his earthly race was run,
 Amid the saints in glory then—
 The battle fought, the victory won—

While the gems sparkled on his brow,
 To swell the tide of triumph high
 With those for whom he watched below,
 His joy throughout eternity.

XII.

BUT when around her closed the foes,
 He trembles for his country's fate;
 With all a patriot's zeal he glows;
 To her just cause to consecrate
 His energies, has now become
 The settled purpose of his heart.
 He strives against the slaves of Rome
 To fire her courage, to impart
 That steadfast trust which keeps the soul
 Unmoved beneath the Almighty's wings;
 And then, where'er the war-clouds roll
 Thickest, the daring warrior springs.
 Then, when their courage droops and fails,
 He strives to fan the quivering flame;
 And when disease their frames assails,
 In prison, exile, want, and shame—
 To all that healing balm he brings,
 Which soothes the weary soul's decay.
 It seems as if an angel's wings
 Around the couch of anguish play,
 Fanning the fevered cheek and brow.
 Then taught by him the sufferer feels

That his Lord's agony and woe
 Surpassed his own. He now reveals
 That Holy One amid the gloom,
 Whose presence gilds the night of sorrow,
 And cheers the pathway to the tomb
 With visions of a brighter morrow.
 And now, while silence chained each tongue,
 And scarce a sound the stillness broke,
 While all upon his accents hung,
 The patriot Henri Arnaud spoke.:

XIII.

WARRIORS, prepared with heart and hand
 To combat for your native land,
 Oh ! that my words that zeal may breathe
 Into your souls, which will not sheathe
 Its sword, till round you rising high,
 Is heard the shout of victory.
 Oh ! that you all may nobly dare
 To stand amid the lion's lair,
 And armed with martial ardour bare
 Your bosoms for the glorious strife,
 Firmly resolved to yield your life,
 Rather than leave your work undone—
 Your noblest work beneath the sun—
 To reconstruct the shattered shrine,
 Beneath the clusters of the vine,
 To find where first your footsteps trod,
 Freedom once more to worship God.

Ah ! base indeed is he who tries
To break the magic bonds entwined
With our most holy sympathies,
Whose subtle links have power to bind
The exile to his father's home.
I say that often, when we come
To some bright land, some favoured clime,
Where forms both lovely and sublime
Astonish our enraptured eye,
Beneath an azure canopy,
Whose brilliant hues and sunset glow
Sleep in the calm blue lake below,
Where melody attunes each grove,
And all below, and all above
Proclaims aloud that God is love—
E'en there our spirit homeward turns,
Our heart with greater transport burns,
When we recall that spot of earth,
Not seen for years, which gave us birth ;
Though there the boiling billows roar
Around a bleak and barbarous shore ;
Though there the spirits of the storm,
Borne on the blast each scene deform,
While gloomy desolation reigns
O'er shaggy woods, and untilled plains.

XIV.

My friends, this instinct of the mind,
Which, e'en when outward objects bind
The senses with a potent spell,
The exile's soul will still impel
Towards his own land, appears to prove,
That God's own hand has stamped this love
Of country on the human heart.
Ah ! only bid the hope depart
That they shall see their childhood's home,
Let them henceforth be doomed to roam
Far from the dwellings of their race,
And never find a resting place
In spots wherein they hoped that age
Would end its weary pilgrimage,
And then the valiant and the good,
Who, strengthened by God's Spirit, stood
Erect amid the storms of fate,
Will wander on disconsolate.
The very darkness of their breast,
With livid hues will now invest
The gorgeous scenes which round them rise,
Decked with the flowers of Paradise.
Servants of God, ah ! never, never,
Can you, as some would teach you, sever
The golden everlasting band
Which knits you to your native land.

Through life you cannot cease to love
 Those fields o'er which, with stormy joy,
 Your early youth was wont to rove,
 When pleasure was without alloy.

Oh ! if once more your eyes could gaze
 On scenes o'er which fond memory strays,
 When hope was gay, and life was young,
 And roses round your pathway sprung,
 In that bright visionary day,
 When life seemed one long holiday,
 And joy was like th' unfading hue
 Which decks Hesperia's sky of blue,
 Methinks your stricken hearts might know
 Some hours of sober bliss below ;
 For now to soothe your souls would come
 Bright visions of your early home.
 Oft as remembrance wanders back
 Along its phantom-haunted track,
 Dimly, beyond the mist of tears,
 It sees the friends of early years,
 Whose hallowed memory still endears
 The lovely land in which they strove

To train their offspring for the skies ;
 As o'er this ground your footsteps rove,

Before you oft will seem to rise
 The mother through whose tender care,
 The plant of grace has blossomed there.
 Ah ! when we know that Fancy's eye
 Shall see that parent hovering nigh,
 As when she sought by words of love
 To win to brighter worlds above,

Can we then wonder that you long
 To stand your hills and vales among,
 To catch the influence breathed around
 Each spot amid that haunted ground,
 Assured that while you linger there,
 And hear the echoes of her prayer,
 That God's own children you might be,
 In time and through eternity,
 With holy ardour you will glow
 To pay the debt of love you owe
 To one who o'er you wept below,
 Like *her* above the world to rise,
 Like *her* to seek your native skies,
 Until you join the countless throng,
 And raise with *her* th' eternal song.

XV.

But oh ! your patriot breasts shall swell
 With greater transport when ye stand,
 And gaze upon each rock and dell,
 Amid your glorious native land,
 Because the sun of other days
 Flings o'er each scene its brilliant rays.
 While wrapped in meditation here
 On bygone times, you seem to hear
 The clash of steel, the tramp of men,
 Resounding through the lonely glen.
 Upon the rocks a little band
 Of warriors now appears to stand ;

While round their base, in dense array,
 A mighty army winds its way.
 Once more you hear the signal given ;*
 Once more you see the fragments riven,
 And hurled upon the fiery mass
 Of valour rolling through the pass,
 Till the whole mighty armament,
 With every stately banner rent,
 Seemed like a city with her crown
 Of towers and gilded domes, cast down
 By the rude shock which has its birth
 Amid the bowels of the earth,
 Whose gloomy caverns, opening wide,
 Engulph its wealth, and pomp, and pride.
 While thus, amid each lovely dell,
 Upon those glorious days you dwell,
 Before you all the deeds of old,
 Your choicest treasures, are unrolled.
 The ground rings hollow to your tread :
 Beneath repose the mighty dead.
 The forms of buried heroes come
 Around you in your mountain home.
 When ye survey the immortal throng,
 And muse those glorious fields among,
 On which with dauntless hearts they stood,
 To stay the darkly rolling flood,
 Oh ! then I say, my friends, that all,
 Whom the foe's legions may appal,
 Will catch the spirit which pervades
 The vales, the hills, the forest glades,

* See Note 5.

Will feel assured that He who hurled
 Destruction on the raging foe,
 When a few valiant men unfurled
 Their standard on the mountain's brow,
 Will aid his servants to defy
 The flower of Europe's chivalry,
 Will cast his adamantine shield
 Around you in the battle-field,
 And crown with well-deserved success
 The cause of truth and righteousness.

XVI.

BUT as you hope once more to be
 Victorious o'er your enemy,
 Before th' Almighty Chastener now
 With fasting and with weeping bow,
 Praying for heavenly grace to bend
 Your stubborn wills, the chains to rend,
 Which bind your spirits to the earth,
 Till conscious of your second birth,
 You vow in strength divine to wage,
 Throughout your earthly pilgrimage,
 Wielding your polished blade, a war
 With those gigantic lusts which bar
 Your entrance to the promised land,
 Yea all your banded foes to slay,
 Which, marshalled by their leader, stand
 Round you in terrible array.

When o'er you like a mighty flood,
As it rolls on, still swelling higher,
Shall rush dark thoughts, which heat the blood,
Until it seems like liquid fire—

Oh ! rear a mound to stay the tide,
Oh ! think of Him, the Crucified,
Who, when his frame was wrung and riven,
Prayed that his foes might be forgiven.
Thus pray that heaven's Almighty King

Would change and mould the heart of stone,
And every foe and rebel bring

A humble suppliant to his throne.

Ah ! he who cherishes one lust,
And does not trample in the dust
Each idol, with its shrine, will be
His country's deadliest enemy.
Those lusts, those gods, will hang around
Your warriors in the battle-ground,
A heavy weight to paralyze,
As with a spell, your energies,
Acting like Achan's wedge of gold,
Amid the leaguered host of old,
Which stamped a mournful Ichabod
Upon the banners of their God,
And caused an army to be driven,
With standards rent, and helmets riven,
Like chaff before the breath of heaven.

XVII.

BUT sure I am, my friends, that all
 Around me will obey my call,
 Will now with souls of flame arise,
 And aid this glorious enterprise,
 Will strive in strength divine to quell
 The mighty bannered hosts of hell,
 Assured that this success will be
 The prelude to a victory.
 Brethren, events most clearly prove
 That He who sits enthroned above,
 The planets in their courses guiding,
 And o'er the lily's growth presiding,
 Will go before us, and will bless
 His servants' efforts with success.
 When I behold your sons and daughters
 Wandering above earth's troubled waters,
 Upon whose darkly heaving breast
 Their weary feet have found no rest,*
 I feel convinced that God designed
 To fix this lesson in the mind,
 That only in the ark enshrined
 Among the valleys of your race,
 Can you obtain a resting place.
 Nay more, our God has rolled away
 The mists which o'er our future hovered.

* See Preface, pp. 25, 26.

Bright splendours from the fount of day
 Have streamed upon us, and discovered
 The settled purpose of the skies,
 The issue of our enterprise.
 While musing o'er those wondrous pages,
 In which the scenes of future ages,
 A solemn train, come sweeping by,
 With quaint and mystic pageantry,
 Methinks I see before me pass,
 Like figures in a magic glass,
 A long and venerable line,
 Your sires,* who clothed with strength divine,
 Have all, as witnesses, unfurled
 The standard of God's truth, and hurled
 The thunders of his wrath at those,
 The worst and mightiest of his foes,
 Who change the rule of faith, and shroud
 In thickest night the glittering gem
 Of Gospel truth, and cast a cloud
 Of saints before Christ's diadem.
 And then the sacred records tell
 The woes which afterwards befell.†

* Rev. xi. 3. And I will give power unto my two witnesses, and they shall prophesy a thousand two hundred and threescore days, clothed in sackcloth.

† Rev. xi. 8, 11. And their dead bodies shall lie in the street of the great city, which spiritually is called Sodom and Egypt, where also our Lord was crucified. . . . And after three days and a half, the Spirit of life from God entered into them, and they stood upon their feet; and great fear fell upon them which saw them.

The beast, th' apostate Church of Rome,
 Exulted in their martyrdom.
 Now hear the voice of prophecy :*
 Just as the mangled forms which lie
 Unburied in the public street
 Of Sodom, stand upon their feet,
 Instinct once more with vital heat,
 We, whom the third revolving year
 In its mid course finds lingering here,
 Since forth to exile we were cast,
 Shall, when another year has passed,
 Complete the days by God designed
 To shadow forth the time assigned
 For our dispersion o'er the earth,
 Far from the valleys of our birth.
 And then the breath shall animate
 The lifeless body of our state.
 And all our citizens shall swell
 The strains which sounding through each dell,
 Your joy and gratitude shall tell
 To all the listening nations round,
 Because upon the holy ground,
 The soil on which your fathers strove
 To keep the faith so pure of old,
 A God of faithfulness and love,
 Hath fixed once more the Church's fold.
 Here, as in some strong citadel,
 Your race shall now securely dwell,
 Encircled by their rocky fence—
 Their guard, the Lord's Omnipotence.

* See Note 8. To this note the attention of the reader is particularly directed.

XVIII.

WHILE thus the patriot Chieftain spoke,
 No sounds the solemn stillness broke.
 The calm resembled that which broods
 At midnight o'er the lakes and woods,
 When every bird has hushed its strain,
 And moonlight sleeps along the plain.
 But now a loud and lengthened shout,
 Which wakes the echoes of the hills,
 And seems to rend the air, rings out,
 And every noble bosom thrills
 With martial ardour, while this song
 Resounds the rocky dell along:

XIX.

“ A sunbeam now gilds the dark night of our sorrow,
 The clouds which surround us are breaking away,
 A few ruddy streaks, which foretell a bright morrow,
 Now herald the march of the Monarch of day.
 Ere long shall his footprints be seen on the mountains,
 And rich hues shall tinge their high summits of snow ;
 Ere long shall he gleam in the spray of our fountains,
 And mantle with splendour the blue lake below.

" A voice, from the tomb of our fathers ascending,
 And echoed from valley, and forest, and field,
 With Arnaud's appeal now in unison blending,
 Awakens that courage which never will yield.
 They bid us in tones at once solemn and thrilling,
 Like *them* round the banner of freedom to stand,
 To gird on our armour like *them*, and be willing
 To conquer or die for our loved native land.

" That voice, like the blast of the trumpet now ringing,
 Shall rouse ev'n the craven to do and to dare.
 Ere long, to the thick of the fight boldly springing,
 We all shall shake off the dull sleep of despair.
 Like light from the bosom of thunder-clouds bursting,
 The sword of each warrior shall leap from its sheath.
 Each soul for the fame of our fathers is thirsting :
 No more will we sully their ever-green wreath.

" We go, though our foes, who with pride are now
 swelling,
 As thick as the spring flowers around us may stand :
 The loss may be life, but the gain a safe dwelling
 Once more 'mid the vineyards and bowers of our land.
 What though our heart's blood, in a tide swiftly
 gushing,
 With crimson shall dye the green turf on the plain !
 'Twill soothe us to think, when the spirit is rushing,
 That thus we have shattered dark tyranny's chain.

“Bright gleams from the helm of our leader soon
glancing,

Shall gild the dun war-clouds which roll o’er our path,
And guide us, while through the foe’s columns advancing,

We rush like the flood, in its terrible wrath.
But chiefly we trust in the God of our fathers,
Who fought all their battles, and needful strength
gave.

For still as before, when the storm of war gathers,
We find Him our fortress, almighty to save.”

Canto Second.

I.

Often, as History's page records,
The daughters of a land,
When Freedom's sons have drawn their swords,
The martial flame have fanned.
The very beings, whom dark fear
Would often-times assail,
Because a spirit's wings they hear
Amid the rushing gale,
With all the hero's soul inspired,
Have roused a slumbering land,
The courage of her sons have fired,
Until the patriot band,
On every sparkling fount and river,
On every verdant plain,
Burning with holy ardour, shiver
The tyrant's galling chain.
Once they seemed myrtles, in the gloom
Of ancient woods embowered,
Which breathed around a rich perfume,
And, gently waving, showered

Their snowy blossoms, all unseen,
 Amid the shady glade,
 While zephyrs, through the leafy screen,
 With gentle murmurs played.
 But now they seem like th' ancient oak,
 Which lifts its stately form,
 Unshattered by the thunder-stroke,
 Unshaken by the storm.
 Towering in all its pride it spreads
 Its branches o'er the path,
 A shelter to all houseless heads,
 Amid the tempest's wrath.

II.

With other females, near the throng
 Which round the chieftain stood,
 Was one whose noble soul had long
 Claimed kindred with the good,
 With all her sex in every age,
 With all the glorious dead,
 Whose deeds have o'er th' historic page
 Undying lustre shed.
 While dwelling from the world afar,
 Margaret, our heroine, seems
 Like some pale melancholy star,
 Whose trembling radiance gleams
 Upon the outskirts of the night,
 A wanderer in the train

Of the chaste Queen who walks in light
 Along the azure plain.
 Like her sire, Arnaud, she displayed
 That holy light which beaming
 Throughout her life her form arrayed,
 And seemed the splendour streaming
 New Salem's courts and towers along,
 Which pure as crystal shone,
 When seen, with all its glittering throng,
 In vision by Saint John.
 Thus then she taught the world around
 To watch, and strive, and pray,
 To walk as if on foreign ground,
 To tread the narrow way,
 To spurn all worldly vanities,
 To shed the contrite tear,
 To hold high converse with the skies,
 Ev'n 'mid this earthly sphere.

III.

She sought besides by words to move
 Each rebel's heart of pride,
 And thus for Him to show her love,
 Who erst on Calvary died.
 With patient care, her father's flock
 She strove to guide and feed,
 The treasures of each mind t' unlock,
 To scatter wide the seed,

Bathing with holy tears the ground,
 Until the rugged soil,
 With flowering shrubs and herbage crowned,
 Repaid her anxious toil.
 The tender pity which appears
 In those soft eyes of blue—
 Th' angelic features bathed in tears,
 Like lilies steeped in dew—
 The words of comfort too, which fall
 Like honey from the cell—
 The silver accents which enthrall
 The senses with a spell,
 While through the pearls and rubies breaking,
 They whisper peace, until
 The soul, from earthly dreams awaking,
 With love divine shall thrill—
 These signs of sympathy with woe—
 The thought that she had riven
 The chains which fettered them below,
 And raised their hearts to heaven—
 Had each contributed to bind
 Her image round the heart,
 From which, with every thought entwined,
 It never will depart.
 Thus then, through life's sequestered scene,
 With noiseless step she goes,
 Telling of joys divine which wean
 The soul from earthly woes.
 Her life, in fact, was one long hymn
 Of praise, which pierced the sky,

And swelled the songs of Seraphim
 Who circle the Most High.

IV.

But when the fiery deluge burst
 Upon her native land,
 She was among the very first
 To call her friends to stand
 Around their altars, and to brave
 The foe in all his pride,
 And high their blood-stained banners wave
 Above the crimson tide.
 A miracle it seemed to all,
 To see that gentle maid,
 Whom rustling leaves would oft appal,
 Now standing forth arrayed
 In more than mortal majesty,
 Her eyes with brightness flashing—
 In nature's fearful revelry,
 While stately pines are crashing
 Upon the summit of each hill,
 And round her fiercely glare
 Red lightnings, which each bosom thrill
 With sudden terror there—
 To hear that voice which soothed the soul
 In sorrow's lonely dwelling,
 As round the deepening thunders roll,
 With louder tones still swelling,

Above the tumult rising high,
 And breathing round her there,
 That superhuman energy
 Which triumphs o'er despair.
 Soon as that echoing trumpet blast
 Had summoned to the war,
 And this bright vision near them passed,
 Now like the morning star
 Glittering, while on from rank to rank
 She glides, their courage rose,
 And those, whose martial ardour sank
 Before encircling foes,
 Like their famed ancestors, now long
 Their bannered pride to smite,
 To burst upon the opposing throng,
 And plunge amid the fight.
 Thus then, the Lord Omnipotent,
 Amid the rolling storm,
 When ev'n the wall of brass was rent,
 Upheld that feeble form.
 He all that confidence inspired,
 Which turned the battle-tide;
 Her gentle soul with ardour fired,
 And hidden strength supplied.
 And thus His might He magnified,
 Renowned in sacred story,
 Humbling by woman's hand the pride
 And pomp of earthly glory.

V.

With those o'er whom this radiant sun
Of heavenly beauty gleamed,
Kindling the martial flame, was one,
Who some time since had seemed
Sunk in a lethargy and lost,
Of vilest lusts the slave,
Debased by sin, and wildly tost
On passion's stormy wave.
The hand of innocence and truth
Had stamped upon his face
Their signets in his early youth ;
Like all his sprightly race,
He sported once, with joyous glance,
Among his country's bowers ;
While Spring led on in ceaseless dance
The rosy bosomed hours.
Ere yet life's glittering landscape burst
Upon his eager gaze,
Before by Satan tempted first
He trod sin's flowery maze,
A mother, kneeling near him, strove
To teach his lips to frame
A prayer to Him who reigns above—
To lisp th' Eternal name.
Watching with all a parent's care,
She tamed the stubborn will,

Preserved his feet from many a snare,
 And laboured to fulfil
 Her duty, to destroy each weed,
 With firm and skilful hand,
 To scatter on the soil the seed,
 Which springing shall expand,
 A stately tree, and then display
 Its beauty and its bloom,
 When this frail tenement of clay
 Had mouldered in the tomb.
 Arnaud had shared her work of love ;
 With all a pastor's care,
 And all a pastor's zeal he strove,
 With watching and with prayer,
 To storm the citadel within,
 To break the mighty spell
 Which binds to earth this slave of sin,
 To wake the strains which tell
 That tears are trembling in the eye,
 That Satan's chains are riven,
 That all th' angelic bands on high
 Rejoice o'er guilt forgiven.

VI.

But soon the tender shrub, which throve
 Amid the sheltered glade,
 Round which the verdant foliage wove
 The luxury of shade,

Transplanted to a clime beneath
 The sun's meridian glare,
 Oppressed by nature's sultry breath,
 Decays and withers there.
 Compelled to join against his will
 The armies of his king,
 Pierre found ere long his bosom thrill
 With those wild joys which spring
 Within the breast of one who, bred
 Amid the lonely glen,
 In manhood's prime begins to tread
 The busy haunts of men.
 Around him stand the slaves of hell,
 All eager to destroy,
 O'er him they breathe the wily spell,
 The sparkling cup of joy—
 A charmed and poisoned draught—they raise,
 And bid him drain the bowl;
 While Pleasure warbles forth her lays,
 Which captivate the soul,
 As o'er her magic silver lyre
 Her fingers range at will,
 Like that celestial virgin choir,
 Whose songs were wont to thrill,
 With sudden transport, all who heard
 The soft melodious strain,
 Until each man, with frenzy stirred,
 Is tempted to remain
 Too near the flowery meads, and shore,
 Where, bathing all the ground

With crimson floods of human gore,
 Gashed heaps are piled around.
 Alas! Hell's banded legions won
 Their blood-stained triumph soon.
 The beams of that refulgent sun
 Were shorn before the noon.
 Pierre joins that gay and giddy crowd,
 Whose wild and joyous laugh,
 Amid their orgies, echoes loud,
 While foaming cups they quaff.
 And now his cheek, with riot pale,
 On which too often glows
 The flush of passion, tells its tale :
 The pure transparent rose
 Has faded in its early bloom :
 The broad and ruddy blaze,
 Like lamps amid sepulchral gloom,
 Sinks down and soon decays.

VII.

But now a sudden illness dims
 The brightness of his eye ;
 Upon the couch those manly limbs
 Now writhe in agony.
 Conscience is fearfully awake :
 While tossing to and fro,
 Upon his startled vision break
 Dark images of woe.

He hears the wailings of the souls,
 By angry whirlwinds driven :
 He sees the fiery lake which rolls
 To overwhelm the unforgiven.
 And then once more he seems to roam
 Among the rosy flowers,
 Which bloom around his childhood's home,
 Amid the leafy bowers.
 Imagination loves to paint,
 Within the green alcove,
 The figure of that blessed saint,
 Who there with patience strove,
 While clustering roses o'er her head
 Their fragrant balm distil,
 To teach his infant steps to tread
 The path to Zion's hill.
 While o'er his mind these visions rush—
 These scenes remembered well—
 Forth issuing with a sudden gush,
 The tears his wonder tell,
 To think that he should thus repay
 A mother's fervent love—
 That thus he should have spurned away
 Rich blessings from above—
 To think that he had shed Christ's blood,
 Afresh his frame had riven,
 Requiting with ingratitude
 The wondrous love of Heaven.

VIII.

At length the Saviour breathes a calm
Throughout that troubled breast.
Upon his spirit dropping balm,
He soothes his griefs to rest.
And now the wanderer homeward turns ;
To tread his native land
Once more his soul within him burns ;
He longs to see that band,
Who mourned him as undone—to tell
That tale of love and wonder,
That God had baffled Satan's spell,
And rent his chains asunder.
The pastor also pants to bless
That son redeemed from hell.
With strong parental tenderness
Upon his neck he fell.
The tears which o'er that placid cheek
From joy's pure fountain roll,
Are eloquent as words to speak
The transport of his soul.
The joy was shared by that bright maid,
Who now before them stood,
With all the loveliness arrayed
Of blooming womanhood.
With pleasure both of them recal
That joyous season now,

When oft he wove a coronal
 Of roses for her brow.
 As children once again they rove
 Beneath Spring's sunny sky ;
 The meadows laugh, the warbling grove
 Breathes forth its melody.
 The memory of that happy time
 Of sunshine and of calm,
 When round them in their youthful prime
 The very air breathed balm—
 The certain feeling that each breast
 Had now become a shrine
 Of holy thoughts, and bore impressed
 The lineaments divine—
 That image—which, though marred by sin,
 When bodied forth below,
 Kindles the coldest breast within
 Love's consentaneous glow—
 The music which around she breathes,
 Like that from nature's choir,
 When Spring is dressed in rosy wreaths,
 And wakes her tuneful lyre—
 The melting softness in *his* tone,
 Which soothes, where'er it steals,
 His dark blue eye, the spirit's throne,
 Which all its love reveals—
 This portraiture, these thoughts create
 That union which shall blend
 Their hearts together in one fate,
 Until they both ascend

To yonder heavenly Paradise,
 And range the flowery plains,
 Beneath the calm and golden skies,
 Where love eternal reigns.

IX.

Thus then by all around beloved,
 In solitude serene,
 Without a wish beyond, they move
 Amid a tranquil scene.
 When Morning's early foot-prints tinge
 The hills with rosy hues,
 And from her garment's golden fringe
 She shakes the pearly dew,
 Sprinkling each lawn and grassy mead,
 With all the shepherd train,
 The herds and bleating flocks they lead
 Along the upland plain.*
 Oft seated on the mountain's side,
 Above a lulling stream,
 Reflected in whose silver tide
 The sun's fierce splendours gleam,
 While music wakes around, beneath
 A verdant canopy,
 Through which the fragrant breezes breathe
 A soft and soothing sigh,

* See Note 7.

And underneath them wooded hills,
 And corn-fields are combined
 With flowery meads, o'er which the rills,
 Like threads of silver, wind—
 They tend the flocks now scattered round,
 And browsing at their feet,
 Or frisking o'er the pasture ground,
 Beyond their green retreat.
 Then when the sunbeams o'er the grove
 Their angry lustre fling,
 They bathe them under the alcove,
 Amid the cooling spring.
 Then musing memory loved to dwell
 Upon the golden hoard
 Of Scripture truths, within her cell
 From earliest childhood stored.*
 They often speak of th' agony,
 Which shook their Master's frame,
 The anguish, the heart-rending cry,
 The taunts, the bitter shame,
 Until their hearts within them know
 A foretaste of the love,
 With which the ransomed host shall glow
 Amid the realms above.
 And then when Hesper on the brow
 Of eve displayed his gem,
 The brightest of the stars which glow
 Amid her diadem,

* See Note 8.

Ere yet, the purple and the gold
 Along the sky decay,
 They guide the flocks to yonder fold,
 Beguiling all the way
 With hymns which charm the listening sky,
 And ravish every soul,
 Seeming angelic harmony,
 As down the vales they roll.

X.

But now a solemn silence reigns,
 The herald of the storm,
 Which, sweeping o'er the groves and plains,
 Shall every scene deform.
 The leaves scarce quiver on the woods ;
 The melody is hushed,
 Which, 'mid those leafy solitudes,
 From thousand songsters gushed.
 And now the vivid lightnings play ;
 The thunders crash around ;
 The swollen torrent bears away
 The ill-constructed mound.
 Then, roused by Margaret's words at first,
 In all around her glows
 That zeal which prompted them to burst
 Through legions of the foes.
 We need not now describe again
 The woes which then befell,

When round them on the battle-plain
 Were ranged the hosts of hell.
 Like Arnaud, then she sought to inspire,
 While o'er them swelled the wave,
 A trust in Him, th' Eternal Sire,
 Omnipotent to save.
 Like him, amid affliction's storm,
 When darkness veiled the sky,
 She strove to uphold the sufferer's form,
 And soothe his agony.
 The dying, gazing on her, deem
 That round her forehead plays
 A splendour, which appears to stream
 From yonder sapphire blaze.
 And now once more the slumbering spark
 Margaret and Arnaud fanned,
 And bade their brethren plant the ark
 Amid their native land.
 From breast to breast th' electric flame
 With rapid current ran.
 A common impulse moved each frame,
 And man was knit to man.
 And now the little band prepare
 To cross yon sheet of water,
 Their country's standard pledged to bear
 Through fire, and flood, and slaughter.

XI.

At first o'er Pierre's and Margaret's brow
 A shade of sorrow stealing
 Was seen, to all around them now
 The spirit's depths revealing.
 But soon the cloud has passed away ;
 They hear a rushing sound :
 In war's tumultuous disarray
 Whole squadrons shake the ground.
 And then upon their vision break,
 Beneath the sun's last glow,
 The verdant meads, the sleeping lake,
 Like burnished gold below,
 The mountains, round whose snowy crests,
 The blushing beams of eve,
 Above the pines which fringe their breasts,
 A crown of roses weave—
 The lovely village, and the shrine
 Beneath their guardian shade,
 The purple clusters of the vine,
 Which arch the green arcade.
 And then they hear the nuptial train,
 Beneath the azure sky,
 Their voices blending in one strain
 Of heavenly harmony,*

* See Note 9.

With the glad anthems which ascend
 From every echoing grove,
 While harvests wave, and orchards bend,
 To praise God's boundless love.
 By visions such as these impelled,
 Pierre rushes from the strand ;
 Across the lake his course he held,
 To join the patriot band,
 Now marshalled by their Leader's care
 Upon its other side,
 With them the deed of war to dare,
 And stem the surging tide.

XII.

Ah, then a deep and choking sigh
 Was heaved from many a breast,
 And forms were clasped convulsively,
 And hands were wildly pressed.
 And then a sudden trance of woe
 Chained mothers, sons, and daughters,
 When all they held most dear below
 Had crossed those dark blue waters.
 While standing in their anguish there,
 Mute, motionless, they seem
 Like marble statues of despair
 Beneath the moon's pale beam,
 Which o'er their polished surface shone,
 And softened radiance threw,

Imparting to the glimmering stone
 A pale unearthly hue.
 Yes, those who judged by feeble sense,
 And could not pierce the veil,
 Nor grasp the Lord's omnipotence,
 Might well with terror quail
 Before the towering rocks which cast
 Their shadow o'er their path,
 Might tremble lest the fiery blast,
 Descending in its wrath
 From yonder Alpine citadel,
 Should lay their warriors low,
 Might deem their present wild farewell
 A prelude to the woe,
 Which every soul would soon appal,
 And husband, brother, friend,
 Their stay, their comforters, their all,
 In one red ruin blend.

XIII.

But on that lofty battlement
 No bands are stationed now.*
 No rocky fragments, from it rent,
 Were hurled on those below.
 Still, from rude winter's home around
 That summit high and bare,
 Loud shouts of savage joy resound
 Throughout the misty air.

* See Note 10.

For now the ministers of hell
 Had thought to bind as thralls,
 The spirits of the clouds which dwell
 Amid those icy halls,
 Hoping that soon the scattered bones
 Upon that desert height,
 Whitening amid a heap of stones,
 Would tell their wondrous might.
 But God once more their power restrains,
 Around their vast array
 Casting His adamantine chains :
 Still often in dismay,
 The Vaudois climb, and then slide down
 The cliffs enrobed in snow,
 Craggy, abrupt, and steep, which frown
 O'er yawning gulfs below.
 Thus spent with toil, amid the gloom,
 A prey to dark despair,
 They wait what seems to be their doom,
 To sink and perish there.
 But Arnaud still undaunted stood :
 His courage never quailed :
 While struggling with th' advancing flood,
 Before them he unveiled
 God manifest in human form,
 Who guides their tottering feet,
 A refuge from the rolling storm,
 A shadow from the heat.
 He pictures to them through the haze
 The hills renowned in story,

Around whose forehead seems to blaze
 A diadem of glory.
 He shows a single radiant star
 A heavenly brightness shedding
 Above the elemental war—
 A form divine now treading
 Amid the gloom, the heaving wave—
 He bids them hear *one* cry
 Through surge and blast, "*I perish, save,*"
 In mortal agony.
 And then a fainting form they see
 Uplifted from the ocean,
 With which it strove convulsively :
 And now the wild commotion,
 Which tossed the wrathful waves, subsides :
 The sea has sunk to sleep :
 And now a vessel calmly glides
 Across the glassy deep.
 Just so their God the waves will still,
 Their shattered bark will guide,
 Hushing the storm-tossed sea, until
 In safety it shall ride
 Amid the haven of their rest,
 Where whirlwinds ne'er shall roar,
 Nor heave on high its tranquil breast,
 And storms shall vex no more.

XIV.

Thus then he cheers his little band :
But now a tempest lowers,
To brave whose fury will demand
The soul's collected powers.
For now the numerous fires which gleam
Amid the plain below,
Behind the bridge o'er Dora's stream,
Disclose a wakeful foe.
Say—did it fill them with dismay
To hear the cymbals clashing,
To see in evening's farewell ray
Sword, lance, and armour flashing,
While near them frowns a thunder-cloud,
Which bursting soon may overwhelm,
And wrap its dark sulphureous shroud
Round spear and shield and helm ?
Oh, no, no fears their souls alarm :
Their prayer had pierced the skies,
And brought down strength which nerved each arm
For deeds of high emprise.
In breathless silence on they passed :
No trumpet's echoing clang,
With shrill and spirit-stirring blast,
Before the warriors rang.
When lo ! a broad and sudden glare
Across the silver flood,

Flashed redly through the dusky air,
 And dyed the waves in blood.
 And then the crashing thunder broke,
 Above the column hurled,
 While sable wreaths of eddying smoke
 Around the banners curled.
 For several minutes from its shroud
 The fiery deluge fell ;
 While peal on peal re-echoed loud
 Along the rocky dell.
 But He, th' Almighty King of kings,
 Who bursts the cloud asunder,
 And rides upon the lightning's wings,
 Directs the volleyed thunder,
 Until beyond their forms it passed,
 Now crouching on the ground,
 Uninjured by the mighty blast,
 Which shakes the mountains round.

XV.

While battle rages in their front,
 A hostile force draws near,
 Whose onset they must now confront,
 Advancing in their rear.
 But Pierre and Arnaud stayed the flood :
 Alone against the shock,
 Collecting all their might, they stood,
 Like some tall craggy rock,

Which hears unmoved above its crest
 The mighty tempest crashing,
 And sees unshaken round its breast
 The boiling waters dashing.
 Now finding that the raging tide
 Was always swelling higher—
 That waves, advancing from each side,
 Would form a sea of fire,
 Which closing in would soon submerge
 That little gallant band,
 A voice was heard above the surge
 Now issuing the command,
 To hurl themselves upon the foes,
 Entrenched beyond the river.
 Rushing, at once in fight they close :
 Their swords wide-wasting shiver
 The sabres of the French, and smite
 Through helm, and head, and shield,
 Striking forth sparks of glittering light,
 Far flashing o'er the field.
 Our hero made an opening large
 Amid that proud array ;
 And now before that fiery charge
 The foe at once gives way.
 Like the wild wave with foaming crest,
 Which o'er some bark descends,
 Swelled high by storms from ocean's breast,
 And darkly heaving rends,
 While whirlwinds howl, the shrouds, and deck,
 Amid an angry roar,

Until it lies, a mighty wreck,
 Upon the rock-bound shore,
 Thus Arnaud and his little band
 Now storm that dangerous post,
 Round which the French in masses stand,
 A skilled and valiant host,
 Their strong battalions laying low,
 Until with helmets riven,
 By men untrained in arms the foe
 Across the plain was driven.*

XVI.

And now along th' ensanguined plain,
 By labour unsubdued,
 That band of heroes soon again
 Their onward march pursued.
 And then with tottering steps they climb
 The lofty hill of Sci,
 Which lifts its stately peaks sublime,
 Beneath a glowing sky.
 The majesty of darkness now
 Ascends her ebon throne;
 A radiant crown adorns her brow;
 Her waist, an azure zone.
 Her flowing mantle, starred with gold,
 And fringed with pearl, flings down
 Its silver skirts in many a fold,
 Upon the mountains brown.

* See Note 11.

Oh ! as these weary wanderers gaze
 Upon each glittering gem,
 Which now with brilliancy arrays
 That regal diadem,
 Their drooping spirits seem to mount
 To yonder heaven-built towers,
 And bathe amid the sparkling fount
 Of joy in Salem's bowers.
 Thus toiling on, at length they stand
 Upon the mountain's brow,
 Above the vapours which expand,
 A sea of mist below.
 What means that fixed and steadfast gaze,
 Abstracted and intense,
 With which each exile now surveys
 The east, as if each sense,
 Except the sight, were now confined
 In slumber's iron chains,
 As if one object fixed the mind,
 In yon cerulean plains ?
 They watch until the morn's first beam,
 Which darkness now enshrines,
 Shall from its cloudy prison stream,
 And fire the eastern pines,
 Tinging with ruddy hues each peak,
 Now wrapped in thickest night,
 Till their own snow-crowned heights shall break
 Upon their aching sight.
 Ah ! now each heart is throbbing high ;
 The dull dense clouds are breaking ;

Rich tints yon lovely eastern sky
 With brilliancy are streaking.
 Oh ! as the blush of morning first
 Suffused each mountain's crest,
 A shout of holy rapture burst
 From every glowing breast—
 While Arnaud calls on every soul
 To swell the tide of song,
 In tones which o'er the mountain roll,
 Harmonious, deep, and strong :

XVII.

"Swell high the note of praise ;
 Your hearts and voices raise ;
 Before God's throne in adoration bending ;
 While nature strikes her lyre,
 And all her tuneful choir
 With your own song their morning-hymn are blending.

" Oh ! catch the songs which rise
 To yonder azure skies,
 From warbling groves, soft gales, and sparkling foun-
 tains,
 From herds and bleating flocks
 Among the mossy rocks,
 From pines which wave upon the echoing mountains.

" E'en now mine eyes behold
 The angels' wings of gold
 Gleaming around and o'er your ancient dwelling ;
 E'en now sublime and high,
 Their heavenly symphony,
 From rock and thicket on the breeze comes swelling.

" Their hearts with rapture thrill,
 Because on vale and hill,
 The golden skirt of God's own robe reposes ;
 Because they see a wand
 Waved o'er your native land,
 Which soon shall deck its waste with bowers of roses.

" Ye sons of God rejoice,
 Praise Him with heart and voice,
 In strains responsive to their heavenly measures ;
 For now you see the dome,
 And columns of that home,
 Wherein lie buried all your ancient treasures.

" Behold, behold those friends,
 Each radiant peak which blends
 With all those joys which live in memory's pages ;
 With all you love below,
 With all whose deeds shall glow,
 Stamped in immortal light on future ages.

"Oh ! praise your King and Lord,
 In heaven and earth adored,
 Who guides your bark across the stormy ocean ;
 Praise Him, who courage gave
 That mighty king to brave,
 Whose hand oft heaves the waves in wild commotion.*

"Thine arm, O Lord, laid low
 The legions of the foe,
 The iron tempest on their columns hurling ;
 Thine arm alone with slain
 Piled Salabertran's plain,
 The blood-red banner of thy wrath unfurling.

"Thou, Lord, upon the blast,
 Above their ranks hast passed,
 Breathing a spell which made the mightiest shiver ;
 Thou, o'er their pomp and pride,
 Wilt still in triumph ride,
 Armed with Thy glittering sword, Thy bow, and
 quiver.

"Oh ! grant that we may go
 Through peril, want, and woe,
 With courage, and with zeal which never falters,
 Until at length we stand
 Amid our native land,
 And wake the sacred fire upon our altars.

* Louis XIVth of France.

“Then all, with glad acclaim,
Will praise Thy glorious name ;
For Thou didst shield Thy sons in every danger ;
Thy presence near them stood,
Amid the field and flood, .
Thou still wilt be their Saviour, their Avenger.”

Canto Third.

I.

WHAT tongue can adequately tell
 The varied visions which expand
 Before the view from Fancy's cell,
 When after long long years we stand
 Within the venerable pile,
 And join once more the sacred throng,
 Which swells along its time-worn aisle
 The tide of melody and song ?
 Ah ! yes, amid that hallowed fane,
 Each tone, each object, and each sound,
 Flashes along th' electric chain,
 With which the exile's soul is bound.
 Evoked by memory's mighty spell,
 The waving of her magic wand,
 Forms airy and impalpable
 Around our pathway seem to stand.
 Again, with all to memory dear,
 With father, mother, brother, friend,
 A band of worshippers, we here
 In humble adoration bend.
 With all above, these courts among,
 High converse thus we seem to hold,

We join their everlasting song,
 And with them strike our harps of gold.
 A voice, ascending from the grave,
 Here soothes the agitated breast,
 Hushes the dark and stormy wave,
 And charms our cares and griefs to rest.
 Ah ! yes, we love this spot, for here
 The Saviour calmed our bosom's strife,
 And chased away each gloomy fear ;
 The sparkling fount of joy and life,
 Unsealed amid this temple, first,
 In all its heavenly fulness gushing,
 Wooed us to slake our burning thirst.
 A torrent of rich music, rushing
 From angels' harp-strings, here was heard,
 Through heaven's eternal arches ringing,
 Which told that God's own mystic bird,
 The messenger of peace, was bringing
 That fruit ambrosial in its beak,
 Which heals the stricken soul's disease,
 Removes the languor from the cheek,
 And gives the wounded spirit ease,
 Infusing strength which aids the frame
 To battle with the storms of life,
 To stand unmoved in woe and shame,
 Until, a victor in the strife,
 Spurning the bounds of space and time,
 Th' enraptured spirit mounts on high,
 Beyond this dark tempestuous clime,
 And wanders through eternity.

II.


Thus many in that little band
Were soothed and strengthened when again
They crossed the frontiers of the land,
And entered Guigou's ancient fane.
Ah! then with love and gratitude
The bosom of each exile swelled,
Because, amid the rolling flood,
The Lord their footsteps had upheld,
In chains hell's gloomy hosts had bound,
And proved their guide, their rock, until
They stand upon this hallowed ground,
And climb their Zion's ancient hill.
Alas! in carving fair and quaint,
Above a door, with mouldings rich,
The forms of martyr and of saint
Looked down from many a sculptured niche.
At once from every pedestal
The well-carved effigies they rend,
And, shivering them to fragments, all
In one vast shapeless ruin blend.
Then, from their ashes on the shrine,
They wake once more the sacred fires,
Transmitted through a glorious line
Of martyred saints, and valiant sires.
Now bursting forth, a steady blaze
The home of sacred truth illumines,

Scatters the dense and livid haze,
 And glimmers o'er the martyrs' tombs.
 And now an animated throng
 Their pastor and their chief surrounds,
 While from each breast a burst of song
 Throughout the sacred courts resounds.
 The voices, with the clash of steel,
 Blending in warlike harmony,
 Seem like the mighty thunder-peal,
 Which shakes the temple of the sky.
 Ah ! now the chieftain's voice is flinging
 Upon each soul its wonted spell,
 As, through the spacious temple ringing,
 It bodies forth the forms which fell
 Around the shrine of truth, among
 These vales, upon this hallowed ground,
 A glorious and immortal throng,
 With amaranthine chaplets crowned.

III.

"Brethren, around our path lie strewed
 The ashes of that multitude,
 Who nobly braved the wrath of Rome,
 Asserting, by their martyrdom,
 Man's right to rend away the veil
 Which hides God's truth, the steps to scale,
 Leaning on Christ alone, which rise
 Along the mount of Paradise.

The names of many, with their graves,
Lie buried in the hidden caves
Beneath oblivion's rolling flood,
Which often whelms the brave and good.
No sculptured tomb, no breathing bust,
Keeps guard above their hallowed dust.
No glowing verse records their name ;
No minstrel celebrates their fame.
But yet their foot-prints are impressed
Distinctly on your country's breast.
Each leafy grove, each stately pine,
Each flowery dell, each shrub, each vine,
Has long been nurtured by the blood
Of those in ages past who stood
Boldly amid the battle front,
And springing forward, bore the brunt
Of that severe and deadly strife,
In which they yielded up their life.
The foaming flood, the rushing gale,
The storm which rolls along the vale,
Seem like the echo of that shout,
Which, swelling on the breeze, rang out,
When all those glorious martyr bands
Waved o'er their heads their broken brands,
Joyful amid the pangs which rent
The spirit from its tenement.
Their robes of light gleam o'er the mountain,
And glisten in the sunny fountain.
I see, I see those martyrs now ;
Upon their wan and placid brow



Each wears the smile he wore in dying,
 When round their hearths and altars lying,
 They saw a sudden splendour streaming,
 O'er heaven's illumined concave beaming,
 And communed with the Holiest One,
 And gazed upon th' Eternal throne.
 "Brethren in Christ," they seem to say,
 "When all this region ye survey,
 Each rock, each valley where we stood,
 Surrounded by the fiery flood,
 Will not your hearts within you burn,
 Will not you vow like us to spurn
 The yoke of that proud man of sin,
 Who sits the temple courts within?
 Will not the thought your bosoms cheer,
 While wrapped in contemplation here,
 That when, if e'er again, the blaze
 Of persecution round you plays,
 One like th' Eternal Son of God,
 Who with your sires the furnace trod,
 Will cause the steadfast soul to deem
 The ruddy flames a bower of roses,
 In which, beside a lulling stream,
 The weary wanderer oft reposes,
 While minstrels strike the silver lyre,
 Combining with the virgin choir
 To celebrate th' Eternal Sire?"

IV.

"I trust, my friends, that every word
Has to its depths your spirit stirred.
Here, learn like them your faith to prize,
Here, learn to toil and agonize,
And bleed, if need be, to uphold
That cause for which, in days of old,
They proved their value when they died
On the bleak rock, and mountain-side.
Yes, Christian brethren, not in vain
That blood has reddened hill and plain.
Like boiling lava which descends
From Etna's burning caves and blends
In one vast ruin, far and wide,
The city's pomp, and hamlet's pride,
Fierce persecution sweeps away
The Church's ornament and stay,
Engulphing in its fiery wave,
The good, the beautiful, the brave.
Now just as from the crust arise
The groves and flowers of Paradise,
So from the scorched and arid waste,
The verdant soil by Rome defaced,
The Church, like some tall cedar, springs,
Which o'er the earth its branches flings,
Till all shall rest beneath its shade,
And all, in robes of peace arrayed,

Shall swell with one accord the strain,
 Which hails the great Messiah's reign.
 Oh! cherish then with gratitude
 The memory of the great and good.
 By all their deep distress and shame,
 By every pang which rent their frame,
 By every robe, by every gem
 Which sparkles in their diadem,
 I now conjure you to abide
 Faithful to Him, the Crucified.
 England now seconds this appeal ;
 She bids you emulate her zeal.*
 That land, in Freedom's lap long nursed,
 Rising in all her might, has burst
 And ground to dust that shattered chain,
 Which Roman tyranny again
 Had forged with subtle skill to bind
 The might and majesty of mind.
 "Brethren in Christ," she says, "arise :
 "Th' Almighty Ruler of the skies,
 Who struck our ruthless tyrant down,
 Will also fight for you, and crown
 The cause of mercy, truth, and right,
 With victory in th' unequal fight."
 Methinks that voice your courage fires ;
 Methinks the spirit of your sires
 In every breast around me glows,
 And prompts to ceaseless strife with those,

* See Note 12.

Who claim a glory all Christ's own,
 And mount His mediatorial throne.
 Soon kindled upon every height,
 Flashing amid the nations' night,
 Undimmed by Error's livid haze,
 Shall flame our ruddy beacon-blaze.*
 Our banner shall remain unfurled ;
 The struggle shall be carried on,
 Till a shout, echoing through the world,
 Shall tell the fall of Babylon."

V.

Thus then, in tones of high command,
 The chieftain's voice their courage stirs ;
 And kindles in the patriot band
 The spirit of their ancestors.
 Now, pressing forward, they prepare
 For a fierce struggle with their foes.
 But God breathed o'er their legions there
 A spell of wondrous power, which froze
 The mightiest with a sudden dread,
 So that their serried ranks gave way
 Before a few brave men, and fled
 Across the plain in disarray.

* The allusion here is to the ancient insignia of their Church,
 a candlestick encompassed with seven stars, having the motto,
Lux lucet in tenebris.

And now, with throbbing hearts, they scale
 The rifted rock which towers sublime
 O'er Bobi's richly wooded vale.*

While exiles in a foreign clime,
 Imagination loved to paint
 The scenes of beauty here unrolled,
 Until the very soul grew faint
 With earnest longing to behold
 The verdant meadows, which expand
 Around it like an emerald sea,
 The flowers which deck enchanted land,
 In magical variety,
 The groves beyond, when o'er them sleep
 Softly the day-king's golden beams,
 The grot, o'er which the clusters creep,
 The foaming river, too, which gleams
 Along this lovely solitude,
 The sparkling fountains, also, flinging
 Their spray upon the stately wood,
 Around the vale in beauty springing,
 The verdant islands, too, which crown
 The heights between each precipice,
 The rocks beyond the wood, which frown
 In grandeur o'er the deep abyss.
 And then the balmy breezes round
 Their fevered foreheads seemed to play ;
 While every sight, and every sound,
 The Spring, the golden Autumn day,

* See Note 13.

The shaded glen, the echoing grove,
 The lustre bathing mead and hill,
 The tranquil blue of heaven above,
 The valley, beautiful and still—
 These images of peace come back,
 With visions of their vanished years,
 As memory wanders o'er the track
 Which winds along yon vale of tears,
 Until at length, like fragrant balm,
 Shaken from angels' pinions, fell
 Upon their stricken souls the calm,
 Which reigned o'er mountain, wood, and dell.

VI.

Alas ! how changed their feelings now :
 By deep and sudden grief subdued,
 From Bobi's rock they gazed below
 Upon a desert solitude.*
 Each myrtle bough, each rosy wreath,
 Each grove, with fruits and blossoms crowned,
 Was withered by the fiery breath
 Which scorched the fertile meads around.
 O'er blackened walls, with weeds o'er grown,
 And shattered temples, ruin reigns,
 While desolation rears his throne
 'Mid prostrate vines, and untilled plains.

* See Note 14.

But grief to holy ardour yields :
 They vow hereafter to efface,
 Upon their ancient battle-fields,
 The stain which rested on their race—
 To bid once more fresh verdure rise
 Along the waste, with gorgeous flowers,
 Which waft their incense to the skies,
 Like those which bloomed in Eden's bowers.
 Now, like the swollen mountain stream,
 They rush upon the plain below.
 Their polished blades, with fiery gleam,
 Descend upon a scattered foe.
 Then, Bobi's cottages among,
 With shouts of joy, the exiles stood ;
 While, swiftly fled the vale along,
 A panic-stricken multitude.
 Now marching on, the ancient towers
 Of Villar's convent they surround,
 Screened by a breast-work from the showers
 Which fall in fiery flakes around.
 Convinced that other means will fail
 The foes entrenched within to quell,
 They hope by famine to assail,
 And undermine their citadel.
 But soon this project they forego ;
 Firmly persuaded that in vain
 Would be the struggle with the foe,
 Advancing o'er the neighbouring plain,
 From Villar's wall they now retire
 In one compact united band,

And soon, uninjured by their fire,
Once more in Bobi's valley stand.

VII.

But Arnaud, with a few brave men,
By chance dissevered from the mass,
Retreated down the rocky glen,
Through which they trusted soon to pass
Securely to the mountain hold,
The rocks around their ancient home,
In which their ancestors of old
Found refuge from the wrath of Rome.
They hope to find that cavern deep,
By art and nature formed within
The lofty, vast, and craggy steep,
Which towers above mount Vandelin.*
Their sires, imprisoned in that cell,
Oft heard, with trembling agony,
Those shrieks resounding down the dell,
Which told that cruel foes were nigh,
Who, through the opening in the rock,
Might spring upon them, like the boar,
Which rushes on the timid flock,
And bathes its foaming tusks in gore.
But God, with guardian care, enshrined
The torch amid that vaulted den ;

* See Note 15.

After the tempest he designed
 To raise the grave-stone, that again
 Out-bursting from the rocky tomb,
 And streaming upward to the sky,
 The light might every vale illumine
 With all its wonted brilliancy.
 By all the Vaudois guarded well,
 The secret passed from sire to son ;
 The stronghold was impregnable ;
 For all must enter, one by one,
 And slowly through the roof descend,
 O'er rock-hewn foot holes, steep and rude ;
 So that a few could well defend
 The cave against a multitude.

VIII.

Thus then, within that cavern's bounds,
 Arnaud had hoped to be secure.
 But now, the howling of the hounds,
 Which blood and carnage always lure,
 Resounds the winding glen along,
 As breathing death, they track their scent ;
 Still, crouching on their knees among
 The vast misshapen fragments, rent
 From the high rugged cliffs which rise,
 Like fortresses with turrets crowned,
 They all elude the glaring eyes
 Of the fierce foes who prowled around.

When these had vanished, they emerge,
 And hasten towards a gloomy wood,
 Which stands extended o'er the verge
 Of this romantic solitude.
 Its mazes are the vale between,
 And Castelluzzo's pyramid.
 Plunging amid its dingles green,
 They hope within them to be hid.
 With breathless haste they enter now,
 Unseen by those who watched without.
 But the loud howl, the crashing bough,
 The trumpet's clang, the savage shout,
 Shaking the forest's depths, proclaim
 That a fierce foe the wood invades,
 And beats each thicket for the game
 Concealed among those shady glades.
 A prey to terror and despair,
 They lie amid a brake immured,
 While all the foes around the lair,
 Each bosky dell and copse explored.
 But now at last a sudden gleam
 Illumines the surrounding scene.
 For as the sounds now cease, they deem
 That those who watched around them mean
 The forest's depths, and dells to track,
 Remote from lofty Vandelin.
 Still fearing that they might come back,
 And gathering round them, hem them in,
 They issued from their hiding-place
 Behind the forest's boughs, and bent

Their course along the narrow space
 To yonder rocky battlement.
 As they began the cliffs to scale,
 A savage and unearthly yell,
 Ringing along the winding vale,
 Told that those ministers of hell,
 Exulting with a savage joy,
 Had seen them, and were giving chase,
 Resolved and eager to destroy
 The leader of that hated race.
 Speed, speed, if yonder rocky screen
 Shall hide the Vaudois from their sight,
 Descending, they may gain unseen
 The cave near Castelluzzo's height.
 Now every nerve the heroes strain ;
 Breathless with haste, and well nigh spent,
 The little party strove to gain
 The summit of the steep ascent.
 Trembling with agony, they hear
 The shouts and footsteps of the foe,
 Sounding with every stride more clear,
 As they pursued them from below.
 One long convulsive effort more—
 Thank God ! the highest crag is past—
 In safety on the cavern's floor
 The little party stands at last.
 Just as the hindmost Vaudois sank
 Beneath the opening's outer edge,
 With headlong haste, the foe's first rank
 Ascends above the rocky ledge.

Gazing with silent awe they think
 That, aided by some wizard there
 To mount from Castelluzzo's brink,
 Upon the bosom of the air,
 Borne in a car of clouds, they sail
 Above their rocks and valleys far,
 More swiftly than the rushing gale,
 To mingle in the strife of war.*

IX.

Thus then th' Almighty King foretold
 The issue of the enterprise,
 By shielding in that rocky hold,
 Its leader from his enemies.
He only in himself combined
 The fortitude which stands unshaken
 When gloom besets th' ignoble mind—
 The voice of thrilling power to waken
 Firm faith in all desponding souls—
 A zeal, a dauntless energy—
 A skill to guide the bark through shoals
 And rocks which round its passage lie.
 Ah ! never, never more than now,
 Were all those qualities demanded ;
 Without him she no more could plough
 Proudly the foaming waves, but stranded,

* See Note 16.

Shall lie amid the dashing surge,
 While buried in the raging deep,
 Amid the wild wind's solemn dirge,
 The storm-tossed mariners shall sleep.
 The legions of two kings surround
 Each narrow pass, each rocky vale,
 Whose masses, scattered o'er the ground,
 Caused ev'n those valiant men to quail.
 Convinced that on the open plain
 They cannot hope to quell their might,
 Retiring from the vale, they gain
 Once more Saint Martin's rocky height.
 But though secure from all below,
 Amid the mountain solitudes,
 They cannot shun a mightier foe,
 Whose gloomy shadow o'er them broods:
 Ah! yes, a sad and fearful doom
 Seems o'er those warriors to impend;
 On yonder plain, a bloody tomb;
 Upon the rock, a slower end.
 For famine, creeping on, will steal
 The vigour from their bodies now;
 And death, ere long, will stamp his seal
 Upon each wan and wasted brow.
 But Arnaud stands erect like th' oak,
 Whose mossy trunk, and branches hoary
 Are strengthened by the very stroke
 Which robs them of their verdant glory.
 Now issuing from the mountain cave,
 He bade his country rear her head,

Emergent from the blood-stained wave ;
 And then assembling them he led,
 With prudent skill, a few brave men,
 By devious tracks, through gloomy woods,
 Along the deep and narrow glen,
 O'er rocks and pathless solitudes,
 Till round the jutting rock they burst
 On foes, who, then transfixed with wonder,
 Beheld the little band when first
 Above them crashed the volleyed thunder.
 Then, springing with a sudden bound
 Upon their foes, they bear away
 The sheep and cattle scattered round.
 Meanwhile, dispersed in wild dismay,
 Casting behind a fearful look,
 A numerous band before them fled,
 Trembling, as though an army shook
 The ground behind them with its tread.

X.

Thus then with labour they obtain
 From foes around them scant supplies.
 When these had failed them, they sustain
 On roots alone their energies.*
 But yet those anchorites would smite,
 And scatter far o'erwhelming numbers,

* See Note 17.

Wielding their blades, as though the might
 Of thousands in their muscles slumbers.
 Concealed amid some shaggy wood,
 On rocks which o'er the pathway frowned,
 The foes' dense columns they withstood,
 Upon their ancient battle-ground.
 Onward the dauntless warriors pressed :
 When, followed by a cloud of smoke,
 Which curled along the mountain's breast,
 O'er them the storm of battle broke.
 Unhurt themselves, upon the foe
 The Vaudois hurled the bolts of death :
 The tempest, as it fell, laid low
 The pale and startled host beneath.
 Now rushing from their mountain-lair,
 Fiercely upon the foes they spring.
 Their shouts ascending rend the air :
 The woods, the rocks, the valleys ring.
 Unable to withstand the shock,
 Scared by the din, that fiery mass
 Of warriors, like a timid flock,
 Was driven through the narrow pass.
 Plunging amid each battle, Pierre
 Smote down their strength, and pomp, and pride;
 With flames his rolling eye-balls glare :
 The mighty phalanx, gaping wide,
 Like the dense wood, through which the blast
 Its fierce resistless course has bent,
 Marking the track o'er which it passed
 By giant oaks up-torn and rent—

The heads, which roll along the ground
 Before his gory falchion's sweep,
 The trunks, deformed with many a wound,
 The quivering limbs, a ghastly heap,
 Gave token of the strength which broke
 The columns of the vast array,
 And still untired, with stroke on stroke,
 Pursued and smote its trembling prey.
 Ah ! those who gazed upon that form,
 With famine stricken, which yet seemed
 Girt with the whirlwind and the storm,
 Might well be pardoned if they deemed
 That God had armed him for the field,
 That superhuman strength was given,
 Which aids that wasted arm to wield
 The deadly thunderbolts of heaven.

XI.

But o'er them darker clouds impend :
 The strangers in the Vaudois band
 Before the blast begin to bend.*
 Struggling, amid a foreign land,
 With want and woe in every form,
 While all their efforts seem in vain


* See Note 18.

To guide their vessel through the storm,
 They seek their homes and hearths again.
 But Arnaud's courage never failed :
 When friends proved false, and waves dashed high,
 Before his hearers he unveiled
 The God who fills eternity.
 "Yon rocks," he says, "since Nature's morn,
 Around our vales have towered sublime ;
 Erect, unchanged, they laugh to scorn
 The mighty Innovator, Time.
 States rise ; their splendours slowly wane ;
 Races decay ; man's strongest dwelling
 Will sink to dust ; yet these remain,
 Proudly through storm and sunshine swelling.
 But ev'n these rocks shall melt away,
 With each created work consumed,
 Upon the last and dreadful day,
 Amid a sea of fire entombed.
 Thus then they faintly represent
 The idea of Christ's unchanging nature ;
 For, when they lie in ruin blent,
 Th' eternal monarch and Creator
 Shall reign amid the white-robed throng,
 Through endless ages still the same,
 While all the ransomed host prolong
 The praises of His glorious Name.
 Oh ! then, when friends around you prove
 Inconstant in life's cloudy day,
 Repose upon that boundless love,
 Which never, never will decay.

He still will guard His chosen flock ;
 His truth and faithfulness shall be
 More stable than the solid rock,
 Enduring as eternity."

XII.

And then with fervency he prayed,
 That God the Spirit would inspire
 That faith which leans upon His aid,
 When billows swell from high to higher.
 The prayer was heard; hope springs anew
 Within the bosoms of his band.
 And now the brave devoted few,
 Hemmed in by foes on every hand,
 Obedient to their chieftain, seek
 Their only refuge from despair,
 Balsille's vast rocks, which, dark and bleak,
 Lift up their rugged fronts in air.
 From such an enterprise they shrink,
 Because, above the deep abyss,
 Their course must lie along the brink
 Of many a lofty precipice.
 Made dizzy by the fearful height,
 The woods, the vales, the rocks, would swim
 In varied hues before their sight;
 While many a firm and vigorous limb,
 With palsy struck, would cease to bear
 Their bodies o'er the craggy steep,




Which, falling soon, would cleave the air,
 And lie below, a mangled heap.
 Hoping to shun the fearful sight
 Of gulfs which opened wide below,
 They all resolve to wait till night
 O'er them her sable skirts shall throw.
 Dreading to miss their guides, they bind
 The whitest linen o'er their back,
 Amid the shades of night, designed
 To guide them on their mountain-track.
 And now, with trembling hearts, they crawl
 On hands and feet across the steep;
 Along a narrow rocky wall,
 Upon destruction's verge they creep.
 A step, one inch's breadth aside,
 Would hurl them down to instant death,
 More likely, since the night-shades hide
 The numerous chasms which yawned beneath.
 Ah! shall those noble heroes fail
 Their glorious mission to perform?
 Preserved amid the rushing gale,
 Amid the rolling of the storm,
 Shall they now perish near this rock,
 In one vast ruin piled and blent?
 Shall Satan and his legions mock
 The Lord of hosts, the Omnipotent?
 Oh! no, their God will still uphold
 And guide the footsteps of each man.
 Like the bright sign in days of old,
 Which blazed aloft in Israel's van,

He will illume their onward path,
 Amid the darkness visible ;
 He will restrain the tempest's wrath,
 And guard His chosen people well.
 Thank God ! the wished for goal is won :
 As, through the dusky clouds which lowered
 Around them, broke the morning sun,
 Balsille's vast rock above them towered.

XIII.

The mass, abrupt, and terrible,
 Frowns o'er two gloomy vales beneath,
 Dark, stern, as if the fiends of hell
 Had scathed it with their fiery breath.
 Projecting, like a tongue of stone,
 From the high rugged mount behind,
 Where desolation reared his throne,
 It seemed a citadel designed
 To be the dwelling of his flock,
 When every other refuge failed ;
 For only on one side the rock
 Could be successfully assailed.
 Craggy, and shelving like a cone,
 Their castle seemed impregnable ;
 But yet, with works of wood and stone,
 They guard the rugged path-way well.
 In rows the barricades were formed,
 Right upward to the highest peak :



Thus then, if any post were stormed,
 Another refuge they might seek.
 Working amid the rocky ground,
 They hollowed out full many a cell
 In the three walls, with platforms crowned,
 Beneath the highest pinnacle.
 And now upon the mountain's side,
 Entrenched in firm array, they stood,
 Prepared and eager to abide
 The rushing of the fiery flood.
 Upon the fourth revolving day,
 The foe's dense ranks appear in sight :
 In mute amazement, they survey
 The cloud which blackened all the height.
 Finding that all their efforts fail
 To storm and lay the ramparts low,
 They hope, by famine, to assail
 And sap the stronghold of the foe.
 But soon the winter, armed with sleet,
 With clouds and piercing blasts arrayed,
 Compelled the army to retreat,
 And raise till spring-time the blockade.
 With impious menaces, they vow,
 That when the warmth dissolves the chains,
 With which the gloomy tyrant now
 Has bound the current in their veins,
 Returning, they will scale the steep,
 The iron death-bolts round them shower,
 And plant their standard 'mid a heap
 Of slaughter on that rocky tower.

XIV.

What words can equal the intense
Privations on that rock endured ?
Ah ! those who judged by feeble sense,
As the wild wintry whirlwind roared
Around that summit, bare and bleak,
Might well have deemed that every cave,
Scooped out for shelter in the peak,
Would soon become each hero's grave.
And then, too, famine near them stands,
Prepared his victims soon to claim.
He soon may lay his wasting hands
On each debilitated frame.
Say—did those heroes now despair,
While eating, in their mountain hold,
The relics of their scanty fare ?
Oh ! no, faith's hand asunder rolled
The clouds around the future furled,
And grasped the promise, sealed on high,
That sooner shall this ponderous world,
Dissolved in one vast ruin lie,
Than their wants cease to be supplied
With food from God, th' Almighty Giver,
Continual as the flowing tide,
Exhaustless as heaven's crystal river.
The lamp of life is waxing dim ;
The pulse is tremulous and low ;

With famine worn, each tottering limb
 Can scarce support their bodies now.
 Hemmed in on all sides, they consume
 The scant remainder of their food.
 And then the shadows of the tomb
 Above those famished exiles brood.
 For universal gloom is spread
 O'er foodless wastes, and dreary plains ;
 All vegetable life seems dead
 Through winter's desolate domains.
 But oh ! they contemplate that scene
 With faith which nothing can destroy.
 The placid brow, th' unruffled mien,
 The smile of heavenly peace and joy,
 With which those pallid faces beam,
 Display a heart, with hope elate,
 When to the eye of sense they seem
 To tremble on the verge of fate.
 While gazing thus, the south-wind's breath
 Dissolves the robe of virgin snow
 Spread o'er the works of men beneath ;
 When, ready for the sickle, lo !
 A plenteous harvest near them stands,
 Enriching all the neighbouring plain ;
 Touched by the breezes it expands,
 A tossing flood of golden grain.
 " A miracle, Behold, behold,"
 Now bursts from all that company.
 The shout along the valley rolled :
 The vocal hills and rocks reply.

"Behold the corn unreaped before
 The Winter drove us from the field.
 Behold, behold the secret store,
 Which God in mercy has revealed."
 O'erpowered with joy and gratitude,
 With loud acclaim their God they bless,
 Who, as He showered down angels' food
 Amid the barren wilderness,
 His people with new corn had fed,
 When gloomy Winter reigned around,
 And opening wide His hand, had shed
 His bounty o'er the barren ground.*

XV.

During five months, those fearless men
 Abode in Winter's airy hall.
 As oftentimes before, so then,
 Imagination would recal
 The forms and features of the friends,
 The partners of their hopes and fears,
 The absent ones, whose memory blends
 With all which gladdens and endears.
 Thus Pierre of one to Arnaud spoke,
 On whose good deeds he loved dwell.
 "Entranced, I listened, as God woke
 New music in the magic shell.

* See Note 19.

A heavenly messenger she seemed,
 Amid a blaze of light revealed :
 An angel's golden pinions gleamed
 Along th' ensanguined battle-field.
 Oh ! as I gazed upon that maid,
 While skilfully their wounds she bound,
 In virgin purity arrayed,
 And bore fresh cooling draughts around,
 Armed with fresh fortitude, I turned
 Gladly to heavier labours still,
 And with yet greater ardour burned
 Our glorious mission to fulfil.
 That mission God will bless at length :
 The host in wild confusion driven—
 This miracle—the wondrous strength,
 In famine, and in weakness given—
 Proclaim that o'er the world's high-way
 The banished ones shall cease to roam—
 That soon shall dawn that glorious day,
 When planted in our fathers' home,
 Before God's altar we shall bend,
 And swell the song of triumph high,
 While here our fate and fortunes blend,
 In time and through eternity.

XVI.

At length, amid the vale beneath,
Full twenty thousand soldiers stood,
All eager for the work of death,
A savage fiery multitude.
Now pressing on, with weapons bared,
Five hundred chosen warriors scale
The steep and rugged path, prepared
The mountain stronghold to assail.
Ere yet against the Vaudois broke
The flood high swelling in its ire,
Arnaud heroic courage woke,
And nerved their arms with words of fire :
“ My friends, against our bulwarks roll
The strong battalions of the foe ;
Be men : let every warrior’s soul
With all your ancient valour glow.
Oh ! I conjure you, emulate
Your fathers’ fame, your fathers’ zeal :
What though the bombs reverberate
Around your summits, peal on peal ?
Remember that from rock to rock,
With louder crash, oft rolls the thunder ;
And yet, amid the tempest’s shock,
Your strongholds are not rent asunder.

Behold yon chieftain : though he scan
 Their ranks with search which never slumbers,
 He never can observe each man
 Amid those overwhelming numbers.
 But all your band are known to me :
 I trace your deeds of noble daring :
 Amid the war's wild roar I see
 With pride my children's martial bearing.
 Compelled by tyranny yon crew
 Have drawn the mercenary brand ;
 The hero's zeal they never knew :
 Upon the battle-field they stand
 Amid the red artillery's flash,
 Because they dread their monarch's rage,
 Crouching beneath the cruel lash
 In ignominious vassalage.
 Each dastard's sword I see, I see,
 Now trembling in his nerveless grasp ;
 And now in death's last agony
 Rolling, the bloody dust they clasp.
 Oh ! how can they *your* charge sustain,
 Whom patriotic ardour fires ?
 Methinks our worthies live again :
 The spirit of our martyred sires
 Breathes, burns in every warrior's look :
 I hear the sound of helmets riven :
 I see a host, with terror struck,
 Down yonder rugged pathway driven.
 In front I see a flaming sword :
 That mighty Captain is your guide,

Who led the armies of the Lord
 In triumph through the battle-tide.*
 By Him those banners which now wave
 In all their pride shall soon be rent.
 For who in yonder host can brave
 The thunders of th' Omnipotent ? ”

XVII.

Thus Arnaud kindled into life
 Their valour as they stood arrayed,
 With weapons ready for the strife,
 Behind the foremost barricade.
 A solemn silence reigned at first,
 While up the steep th' assailants came ;
 At length from all the breast-work burst
 A broad and vivid sheet of flame,
 Which, flashing on the startled foe,
 While pealing thunders broke around,
 Soon laid his bravest warriors low
 In heaps upon the rocky ground.
 And then succeeds the battle-din ;
 The clash of swords, the rush of men
 Is heard, as sallying from within,
 Intoxicate with fury, then
 In dark and desperate fight they close,
 While higher still the surges swell,

* Joshua v. 13—15.

And louder still the tumult grows,
 Until at length the frantic yell
 Of war is followed by a shout,
 A lengthened burst of warlike glee,
 Which, from God's warriors ringing out,
 Proclaims a glorious victory.
 But soon with pity touched they gaze
 On heaps of carnage round them lying ;
 The wounded on their breast they raise,
 And soothe the anguish of the dying.
 Alas ! of all the valiant men
 Whom morn beheld in proud array,
 Panting for battle, only ten
 Survived the issue of the fray.
 The rest piled high upon the ground,
 With dust and blood polluted lie,
 Or else transfixed with many a wound,
 Breathe out their souls in agony.

XVIII.

This slaughter and defeat inflame
 The foes beneath with greater rage.
 They burn to wipe away the shame ;
 A bloody war they vow to wage
 With those brave heroes till they swell
 Round them the wild and warlike cry,
 Which to a listening world shall tell
 Of vengeance and of victory.

Covered by sacks of wool they form
 Large piles of wood along th' ascent,
 From which the cannon hurl the storm
 Of war against the battlement.
 The swift and ceaseless thunders wake
 The echoes of the mountains round ;
 The loud reverberations shake
 The rock which forms their battle-ground.
 The wall of wood and stone ere long
 Gives way before the cannonade.
 And then the foes, a mighty throng,
 Pass o'er the shattered barricade.
 Say—did those heroes now despair,
 Or deem their final ruin nigh ?
 Oh ! no, they knew that God would bare
 His arm in man's extremity.
 His shield was cast before them soon :
 While their fierce foes were vaunting loud,
 A sudden mist obscured the noon ;
 At once, enveloped in a shroud,
 The little party boldly glide
 Upon their backs above th' abyss,
 Conducted by a skilful guide
 Along a fearful precipice.
 Meanwhile, the army, flushed with pride,
 Right upward to the summit passed.
 Their shouts re-echoed far and wide,
 Rolling along the mountain-blast.
 Just when their leader gives command
 To seize and bind their trembling prey,

The sea of vapours, which expand
 Around the summit, rolls away.
 Then bursting forth, the noon-tide blaze
 Illumines every hoary peak,
 Disclosing to their wondering gaze—
 What objects? Terror's pallid cheek?
 No, but the wan distorted brow,
 Where deadly scorn is lowering still,
 And hate, which half disdains to bow
 To mightier death's constraining will—
 Companions, from whose frame is streaming
 The life-blood o'er the rock beneath,
 And friends, whose eyes with love once beaming,
 Glare fiercely as they close in death—
 The glittering spires of rock which rise
 Above those bodies, white and bare,
 The empty caves, the wall which lies,
 A blackened mass of ruins there.
 The men on whom they thought to wreak
 Their vengeance skilfully elude,
 Meanwhile, their vigilance, and seek
 Another mountain solitude.

XIX.

Alas! the struggle seemed in vain :
 Still round, inflamed with savage joy,
 Resolved the warfare to maintain,
 Stood foes all eager to destroy.

Just when before those heroes' eyes
 The gulf of ruin opened wide,
 Th' Almighty Ruler of the skies,
 Determined to abase their pride,
 Sowed strife between the powerful kings,
 Against his chosen flock combined,
 From which a steadfast purpose springs
 Immediately within the mind
 Of each, to win them to his cause,
 By granting to their ancient race,
 The freeman's rights, with equal laws,
 Amid their fathers' dwelling-place.
 With their own prince's terms they close,
 His claims upon their homage own,
 Aid him against their country's foes,
 And rally round his ancient throne.
 And now, while Freedom's banner streamed
 O'er them, as round their chief they stood,
 He stirred their souls with words which seemed
 The rushing of a mighty flood.

XX.

"Brethren in Christ, rejoice, rejoice;
 Oh! swell the strains of triumph high;
 Praise ye, oh! praise with heart and voice
 The Giver of all victory.

His arm, on yonder height revealed,
 With dread has made the bravest shiver.
 And then, as towards each barren field
 The swain directs the crystal river,
 Until at length its waters glide
 O'er them in many a sparkling rill,
 Just so our God has turned aside
 The current of our monarch's will,*
 So that the very man who sought
 Your fathers' race to sweep away,
 When, swollen with arrogance, he thought
 To bind in chains his helpless prey,
 O'ermastered, is constrained to own
 That God has tamed His headstrong rage,
 Bows down before th' Eternal throne,
 And plants us in our heritage.†
 My friends, our God has shed a blaze
 Of glory on our country's pages.
 Oh ! as I muse on by-gone days,
 Methinks, as onward roll the ages,
 I see the purpose of Heaven's Sire,
 Revealed by many a miracle,
 'Mid storm, and blast, and flood, and fire,
 To shield His chosen Israel.‡
 Ah ! though a fiery shroud has swathed
 Through ages past, each tower and aisle,

* Proverbs xxi. 1.—The king's heart is in the hand of the Lord, as the rivers of water ; he turneth it whithersoever he will.

† See Note 20.

‡ See Note 21.

Yet never, never has it scathed
 One fragment of the glorious pile.
 Our race are witnesses to prove
 That ever from earth's banded powers,
 A God of faithfulness and love
 Will guard His Zion's ancient towers.
 Through ages, round truth's sacred shrine,
 Within your vales your fathers stood.
 Nay more, inflamed with love divine,
 In one united brotherhood,
 Emerging from their mountain home,
 They smote the bannered hosts of hell,
 Laid low the might and pride of Romè,
 And shook her ancient citadel.*
 Your mission is not ended yet :
 Your hands must aid to pluck the gem
 Of dazzling brightness which is set
 Amid Rome's triple diadem.
 Ah, Italy, in days of old,
 The home of many a master mind,
 Of mighty monarchs, who still mould
 The taste and genius of mankind,
 Of patriot heroes, who have breathed
 Ev'n from their urns heroic fire,
 Around whose temples fame has wreathed
 The laurel crown—of bards whose lyre,
 While their hand wanders o'er its maze,
 Resounds with strains, like whirlwinds rushing,

* See Preface.

Or warbles soft harmonious lays,
 Like those from feathered songsters gushing—
 Now lies beneath the iron grasp
 Of that remorseless tyranny,
 Which never will its hold unclasp,
 Until that glorious day draws nigh,
 When the fierce chariot of the Son
 Shall shake the sky, like thunders crashing,
 And He shall slay that wicked one
 With the bright flames around Him flashing.*
 Ah, now I see the misty shroud
 Wrapped round the future, slowly breaking.
 Upon my mind bright visions crowd ;
 I see an ancient nation waking,
 While every heart with hope throbs high,
 From the dull leaden sleep of ages ;
 Arrayed in heavenly panoply,
 Wielding the Spirit's sword, she wages
 A war with that colossal form,
 The object of the nations' wonder,
 Resolved his citadel to storm,
 And burst the gates of brass asunder.
 And now the silver clarion's blast
 Through all your solitudes is ringing ;
 Obedient to its summons fast
 From every vale your sons are springing.†
 Amid the battle's front upraised,
 The banner of your race I see,

* 2 Thess. ii. 8.

† See Preface.

On which the motto is emblaz—

“Fulfil your glorious destiny.”

Joy, joy, the victory is won :

The azure vault of heaven is rending :

My eyes behold th’ Eternal Son,

In glorious majesty descending.

A fiery whirlwind rends the air :

The solid globe of earth is riven :

And now a shriek of wild despair

Bursts from Rome’s bond-slaves who are driven

Right onward to that tossing sea,

Whose waves God’s wrath for ever lashes,

Till rising in its majesty,

The sulphurous deluge wildly dashes

O’er all their wealth, and pomp, and pride,

While like the dove, with wailing cry,

Restless, they wander o’er the tide,

And writhe in fearful agony.

God grant that ere the storm has burst,

Full many a vile polluted one,

Amid her bowers of pleasure nursed,

Emerging from proud Babylon,

May find in Christ, their living Rock,

A shelter from Rome’s fiery curse,

Preserved amid the mighty shock,

Which rends the solid universe!

And then, amid the realms above,

They all shall join that countless throng,

Who celebrate His boundless love,

And swell the Lamb’s triumphant song.”

NOTES.

CANTO I.

1.—“The vale of vintage bowers.”—Page 39.

“The vineyards in the valley of Luzern,” says Beattie, “are particularly luxuriant, and festooned from tree to tree at such a height from the ground as to leave spacious avenues, under shelter of which the oppressive heat of summer is unfelt, the labours of husbandry are carried on, and reapers gather in the rich wheat harvest.”

2.—“The spirits from the depth of hell,
Thronging the spacious fields of air,
Cast o’er their souls a mighty spell,
And breathe the shadow of despair.”—Page 42.

The writer ventures to offer this explanation of the defeat of the Vaudois. The latter were for three days victorious. “One would have thought,” says Arnaud in his history, “that three such glorious days would have raised the courage of the victors; but unhappily, and by a fatality altogether unaccountable, these people, who at first appeared so intrepid in the support of this war, after the example of their forefathers who had surmounted thirty two wars for the sake of the same religion, became suddenly enervated, and with frozen hearts laid down their arms on the third day, surrendering themselves meanly to the direction of the Duke of Savoy, who, in triumph over this meanness, did them the favour to shut them up in

thirteen prisons in Piedmont." With reference to the above, Dr. Gilly says, "I am glad to have it in my power to vindicate the conduct of the Vaudois on this occasion. The mystery of their extraordinary submission is thus explained in a very rare tract printed at Geneva in 1690. The Swiss ambassadors persuaded the too confiding Vaudois to throw themselves on the generosity of their sovereign, and to lay down their arms. They did so, and their treatment was such as we have described."—*Excursion*, p. 54.

3.—"Thus when around them chains were cast," etc.—
Page 44.

The following extract from Boyer's work on this period of their history will confirm the accuracy of the description here given. "The gaols in the dominions of Victor Amadeus were so full of these wretched people, that they perished by hundreds, of hunger, thirst, and infectious diseases. It would be a hard matter to represent all the miseries and calamities they suffered during their captivity; and they were more or less ill-treated, according to the humours of those who had the command of their prisons. They had nothing but bread and water for their ordinary food; the one without substance, and the other from the kennels in the streets. In some places they gave them water only at certain set times, and that in such small quantities that many perished. They slept on the bare bricks; or if they were allowed straw, it was rotten, and full of vermin; while the dungeons were so thronged, they were crowded to suffocation. . . . The intense heat of the summer, and the corruption with which the chambers were infected, by reason of the great number of the sick, engendered evils too horrible for recital."

4.—"Like spectres which before us glide
At midnight from the world unseen,"—Page 47.

"These poor people," says Arnaud, "were worn out with infirmity and languor; some were devoured by ver-

min, and others exhausted by their wounds ; covered with sores and rags, they resembled ghosts rather than human beings." Some were so overwhelmed with mental distresses that they would have preferred death.

- 5.—"Once more you hear the signal given :
Once more you see the fragments riven,
And hurled upon the fiery mass
Of valour rolling through the pass," etc.—Page 59.

The Vaudois on one occasion were attacked on the Vachera by the Ducal force, which had mustered in great strength. In spite of their determined courage, having spent all their powder and shot, the enemy were within a spear's length of the entrenchment, when Leger their pastor who commanded them, gave orders that they should dislodge portions of the rock, and discharge them in continued avalanches on the heads of the enemy. The effect of this manœuvre was sudden and terrible, for the rocks, being launched from the summit, and meeting others in their downward career, shivered them to pieces, and thus, augmented at every bound, fell like showers of grape-shot among the enemy, crushing or disabling whole columns.

- 6.—"Now hear the voice of prophecy :
Just as the mangled forms which lie
Unburied in the public street
Of Sodom, stand upon their feet," etc.—Page 64.

The prophecy in the eleventh chapter, and eleventh verse was supposed by many in those days to relate to the restoration of the Vaudois, after they had been banished from their country three years and a half : "And after three days and a half the spirit of life from God entered into them, and they stood upon their feet ; and great fear fell upon them which saw them."

The following extract from Bishop Newton on the Prophecies shows the feeling which prevailed at this time in regard to the interpretation of this prophecy.

"Bishop Lloyd, and after him Mr. Whiston, apply this prophecy to the poor Protestants in the valley of Piedmont, who by a cruel edict of their sovereign the Duke of Savoy, instigated by the French king, were imprisoned, or murdered, or banished, and totally dissipated at the latter end of the year 1686. They were kindly received and succoured by the Protestant states; and, after awhile, secretly entering Savoy with their swords in their hands, they regained their ancient possessions, with great slaughter of their enemies; and the Duke himself, having then left the French interest, granted them a full pardon, and re-established them by another edict, signed June 4, 1690; just three years and a half after their total dissipation. Bishop Lloyd not only understood the prophecy in this manner, but, what is very remarkable, made the application, even before the event took place, as Mr. Whiston relates; and upon this ground encouraged a refugee minister of the Vaudois, whose name was Jordan, to return home; and returning, he heard the joyful news of the deliverance and restitution of his country."

CANTO II.

7.—"The herds and bleating flocks they lead
Along the upland plain."—Page 81.

The pastoral character of the Waldenses is well known. "There, as in Switzerland," says Beattie, "the mountain districts, which are exclusively used for pasture, are termed Alps; and here the breeding of cattle, and the produce of the dairy are the principal sources of rural wealth. The

Alp of Guignevert, which immediately borders the gorge of the Balsille, is of this description. Hither, as in other parts of the valleys, the flocks and herds are conducted, as soon as the summer verdure replaces the snow, and pastured till the symptoms of winter again usurp the scene, and compel them to descend by degrees to those sheltered spots which enjoy a longer summer. During the period of their abode in these isolated regions, the shepherds are visited at stated occasions by the neighbouring pastor, who thus affords them that spiritual instruction, from which, by situation and distance from any regular place of worship, they would otherwise be debarred."

Again—a native writer has the following observations. "In the valley of St. Martin may be seen shepherdesses, in every sense of the word, as amiable and as interesting as the heroines of romance. If the delightful author of *Estelle and Galatée*," he continues, "had lived among them, as I have done, he might have added many a lively tint to his portraits—and these the more charming as being real transcripts from nature and truth. "Imagine," he continues, "virtue without vanity or pretension—grace without frivolity—and amiability without coquetry, and these set off by that true modesty which their simple habits inspire, and you have a genuine picture of our Vaudois heroines."

8.—"Then musing memory loved to dwell
 Upon the golden hoard
 Of Scripture truths, within her cell
 From earliest childhood stored."—Page 82.

The Waldenses have always been remarkable for their knowledge of Scripture. The inquisitor Reinierius, writing 600 years ago, thus speaks of them. "The Vaudois know by heart in the vulgar tongue all the New Testament, and a great part of the Old. For they say that all that our preachers bring forward, which cannot be proved by the Old and New Testament, is a lie."

Again—"The men and the women, the young and the old, do not cease to teach and to learn night and day. In the day, the labourer teaches his companion, or learns from him; and in the night, while they are lying awake, they instruct one another. They teach even without books. He who has been seven days their disciple, begins to seek others, to whom he communicates the knowledge, which he has himself acquired. If they find any one who wishes to excuse himself under the pretext that he cannot learn any thing by heart, they say, only learn a word a day, and at the end of a year you will know already several sentences. I have myself heard with my own ears one of these poor peasants say by heart the whole book of Job, without missing a single word." Thuanus, writing 280 years ago, says, "you can scarcely find a boy among them, who cannot give you an intelligible account of the faith which they profess." . . . Dr. Gilly has shown us in his narrative, that the acquaintance of young and old with the sacred lessons of the Old and New Testament is not less remarkable at the present time.

9.—"And then they hear the nuptial train,
Beneath the azure sky,
Their voices blending in one strain
Of heavenly harmony," etc.—Page 85.

Beattie says that Waldensian music is always of a sacred character, and accompanied with words calculated to awaken and preserve in the heart a grateful sense of the divine beneficence. Often, while wandering through their romantic defiles, the sound of mingled voices, issuing from some deep leafy recess, or falling in softened cadence from some isolated rock, meets the traveller on his way, and kindles in his mind a spirit of congenial devotion. Among the young females of the community, after attending service, it is customary to meet in some retired bower of their native rocks, and then to chant in chorus the hymns introduced into their form of public worship.

10.—“But on that lofty battlement

No bands are stationed now,” etc.—Page 87.

The mountains referred to in this chapter are the Haute Luce, the Col de Bon-homme, and the Col de Touilles. The aspect of the first is terrific. It is always a formidable undertaking to cross it, but it was so especially at this moment, when it was deluged by rains, covered with snow, and enveloped in a thick fog. Almost every difficulty was increased by the almost insupportable fatigue of forcing a passage cut out of the solid rock, in ascending and descending, as by a ladder, where twenty persons might easily have repulsed twenty thousand. The Col de Bon-homme is west of Mont Blanc, and ten or eleven leagues from Chamouni. Only those who have visited this pass can estimate the dangers and difficulties to which the Waldenses were here exposed. In the previous year, for fear of the Waldenses, several small forts had been constructed on this pass, in positions so advantageous, that thirty persons might have easily defeated them. But wearied with keeping watch so long to no purpose, the garrisons had finally abandoned their post.

The Vaudois descended the Col de Touilles by a way which more resembled a precipice than a path. This pass is described by travellers accustomed to these scenes, as the steepest which they have ever traversed.

11.—“Their strong battalions laying low,

Until with helmets riven,

By men untrained in arms the foe

Across the plain was driven.”—Page 93.

The victory of Salabertrann was so brilliant and complete, that the Marquess de Larrey who had the command, and was dangerously wounded in the hand, exclaimed—“Is it possible that I thus lose the battle and my honour!” Several of the enemy’s companies were reduced to seven or eight men, and these without an officer. Thus a mere handful of people vanquished two thousand five hundred

men, well entrenched, including fifteen companies of regular troops, eleven of militia, with all the peasants who could be brought together, besides those hanging upon the rear of the Waldenses.

CANTO III.

- 12.—“England now seconds this appeal;
She bids you emulate her zeal.”—Page 106.

We are informed that the glorious Revolution in England in 1688 had inspired them with a determination not to succumb. In the Prince of Orange, who had now ascended the English throne, they beheld an august and powerful protector, and flattered themselves that the antipathy between him and the French king would soon produce a war with France. In this expectation they were not disappointed.

- 13.—“The rifted rock which towers sublime
O'er Bobi's richly wooded vale.”—Page 108.

The picturesque and sublime scenery here described is admired by all strangers. In the upper extremity of the valley is an abrupt gigantic point of rock. At its summit is a remarkable cleft or fissure. This rock commands the entire horizon, from the extremity of the valley, to the banks of the Po.

- 14.—“Alas! how changed their feelings now:
By deep and hidden grief subdued,
From Bobi's rock they gazed below
Upon a desert solitude.”—Page 109.

Muston, in his valuable history of the Waldenses, called “The Israel of the Alps,” which has been well translated by Rev. J. Montgomery, informs us (Vol. II, p. 20) that the

"valleys everywhere presented the saddest aspect—lands uncultivated, hamlets ravaged, cottages standing open and half fallen to ruins—walls still blackened with fire—fruit trees torn up by the roots—the vines undressed and trailing shoots along the ground—the mulberry trees not stripped, the leaves of which covered every bough with wild luxuriance."

- 15.—"They hope to find that cavern deep,
By art and nature formed within
The lofty, vast, and craggy steep,
Which towers above Mount Vandelin."—Page 111.

Within this rock is a natural grotto, slightly modified by art. Three hundred or four hundred persons might conceal themselves in it, and lay in a supply of provisions for many days' consumption. There were also accommodations for cooking meat, and a large fountain well supplied with water.

- 16.—"Gazing with silent awe they think
That, aided by some wizard there
To mount from Castelluzzo's brink,
Upon the bosom of the air," etc.—Page 115.

With reference to another escape a cotemporaneous narrative informs us, that the greater part believed that their deliverer was a magician, and that he had transported them from their position in a chariot of clouds. All that Arnaud's narrative contains with reference to this part of our subject is, that Arnaud, after thrice giving himself up for lost, at length rejoined those who had assembled on Mount Vandelin.

- 17.—"Thus then with labour they obtain
From foes around them scant supplies.
When these had failed them, they sustain
On roots alone their energies."—Page 117.

"With nothing but a few roots to eat," says Muston, "they

often endured fatigues which would have required the strength of giants. The banditti of Piedmont were armed to fight against them; they were attacked by 10,000 French, and 12,000 Sardinians. Yet skilful generals were baffled by this handful of heroes, clothed in rags, and subsisting on the fare of anchorites."

- 18.—"But o'er them darker clouds impend:
The strangers in the Vaudois band
Before the blast begin to bend."—Page 119.

Many of the French refugees, with Turrel their foreign commander, considering their cause desperate, left them. They were now reduced to 400.

- 19.—"His people with new corn had fed,
When gloomy Winter reigned around,
And opening wide his hand had shed
His bounty o'er the barren ground."—Page 127.

Arnaud's narrative says—"The interposition of Providence is not rashly inferred. Not only did the Vaudois find an abundance of produce reaped to their hands, or ready to be reaped, but owing to an early fall of snow, they were prevented from reaping a part, which at length proved their only means of subsistence. Had the entire crop been collected, it must have shared the fate of the barns burnt by the French. During February and March, great quantities of corn were extracted from the earth in tolerable condition, after having been eighteen months in the ground. And is it not miraculous, that a few hundred persons, imprisoned by two powerful armies in a spot where the cold might be presumed a sufficient enemy, should nevertheless repulse all attacks, lay the neighbouring country under contribution, and finally effect their escape?"

20.—“O’er-mastered, is constrained to own
 That God has tamed his headstrong rage,
 Bows down before th’ Eternal throne,
 And plants us in our heritage.”—Page 136.

“Our attention,” to use the concluding words of the narrative, “has been directed to events, scarcely to be imagined; but as the Waldenses did at the time, so must every reflecting reader now attribute them to the overruling providence of God. Was the victory of Salabertrann less than miraculous, when 800 men, most of whom had never before handled a musket, routed more than three times their own amount of regular troops, and killed six hundred, with a loss on their own side of only fifteen. Who but God, and God only, could have inspired a handful of destitute men with the determination of recovering their native valleys, sword in hand, in defiance of their own prince, in opposition to the king of France, then the terror of Europe, and under the direction of Arnaud, a man of peace, ignorant of arms or of war, who after escaping the pursuit of those who sought to deliver him to the flames at Constance, conducted his flock by the most perilous route, through the most appalling dangers, and at last planted them in their inheritance. And was it not Divine Providence, which contrary to the ordinary course of nature, so preserved the grain upon the earth, that the Waldenses gathered the harvest in the depth of winter, instead of the height of summer? Thus their Canaan, as if rejoiced to receive back her children, presented them with a supernatural gift. Is it conceivable that without Divine aid, three hundred and sixty seven Waldenses, confined in the rock of the Balsille for six months, existing on vegetables, water, and a scanty allowance of bread, and lodging like corpses in holes under ground, should repulse, and drive into disgraceful flight ten thousand French, and twelve thousand Piedmontese. When at last, enraged by the desperate opposition of a mere handful of men, the French brought executioners, and mules laden with ropes to offer up the Waldenses on gibbets as a sacrifice of thanksgiving—to whom were they indebted

for their escape, but to God? This conclusion only can be drawn: in all their battles the Omnipotent delivered them, gave them victory, supported them when faint-hearted, supplied them with necessities when destitute, and finally inspired their prince to re-instate them in their heritage, that they might restore true devotion to the churches. . . . Thanks then to the King of kings, who, in selecting the Waldenses as the instruments of such wonders, appeared to have selected their religion, as that in which he would be served, honoured, and obeyed, by all the redeemed.”—*La Rentrée.*

Peter Boyer, a minister of the Gospel, whose account like Arnaud's, was published very soon after the events took place, makes these reflections on the termination of the war. . . . “So many happy successes make it clear that the God of battles inspired them with the generous courage of returning into their own country, to kindle again the candle of his Word, that the emissaries of Satan had extinguished there; that he marched before them, and fought for them, without which it had been impossible to have forced so many difficult passes, and gained such signal victories.

“The conduct of God in the re-establishment of the Vaudois is admirable, and makes it evident that his divine Providence has judgments and ways incomprehensible, surpassing all human understanding. The king of France, in the year 1686, pushed on the Duke of Savoy to compel the Vaudois to forsake their religion, and to take the same measures he had taken against the Protestants of France. . . . And in the year 1690 God sent a spirit of division between the king of France and the Duke of Savoy, inso-much that they strove who should first gain the Vaudois to their party; and by this division the Duke of Savoy was forced to re-establish the Vaudois in their rights and privileges, and to set all at liberty that had been imprisoned, and to recall all those that were dispersed in foreign countries. And so the king of France, who had been the principal cause of their ruin, became, against his will, the cause of their re-establishment, by forcing the Duke of

Savoy to join with the allies: this shows that God mocks and derides the designs and councils of princes when they are levelled against Jesus Christ and his Church." *

21.—"' Mid storm, and blast, and flood, and fire,
To shield his chosen Israel."—Page 136.

Boyer, who was well acquainted with the character of the Vaudois, thus speaks of them: "Of all the nations that have existed from the earliest ages down to our own time, there is none, that of the Jews excepted, whose history presents such a mass of extraordinary occurrences as that of the Waldenses."

While, however, the Waldenses have been preserved in the midst of persecution, they have not retained their original form of Church government. Dr. Gilly says—"The episcopal succession and character were retained in such acknowledged purity for centuries after the establishment of the Vaudois Church, as independent of Rome, that Comenius, the Bohemian Bishop, who wrote in 1644, states, that the Bohemian Separatists, in their anxiety to have pastors ordained by prelates in regular succession from the Apostles, sent three of their preachers to 'a certain Stephen, Bishop of the Vaudois; and this Stephen, with others officiating, conferred the vocation and ordination upon the three pastors, by the imposition of hands.' This took place about 1450, and a century afterwards there were still Bishops in the Waldensian Church; for in a confession of faith, presented to Francis I., King of France, in 1544, we find the following article:—'Nous tenons cecy pour résolu parmi nous, que les *Evêques* et les pasteurs doivent être irrépréhensibles dans leur doctrine et en leur mœurs,'" etc.

* Boyer's History of the Vaudois, p. 226.

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